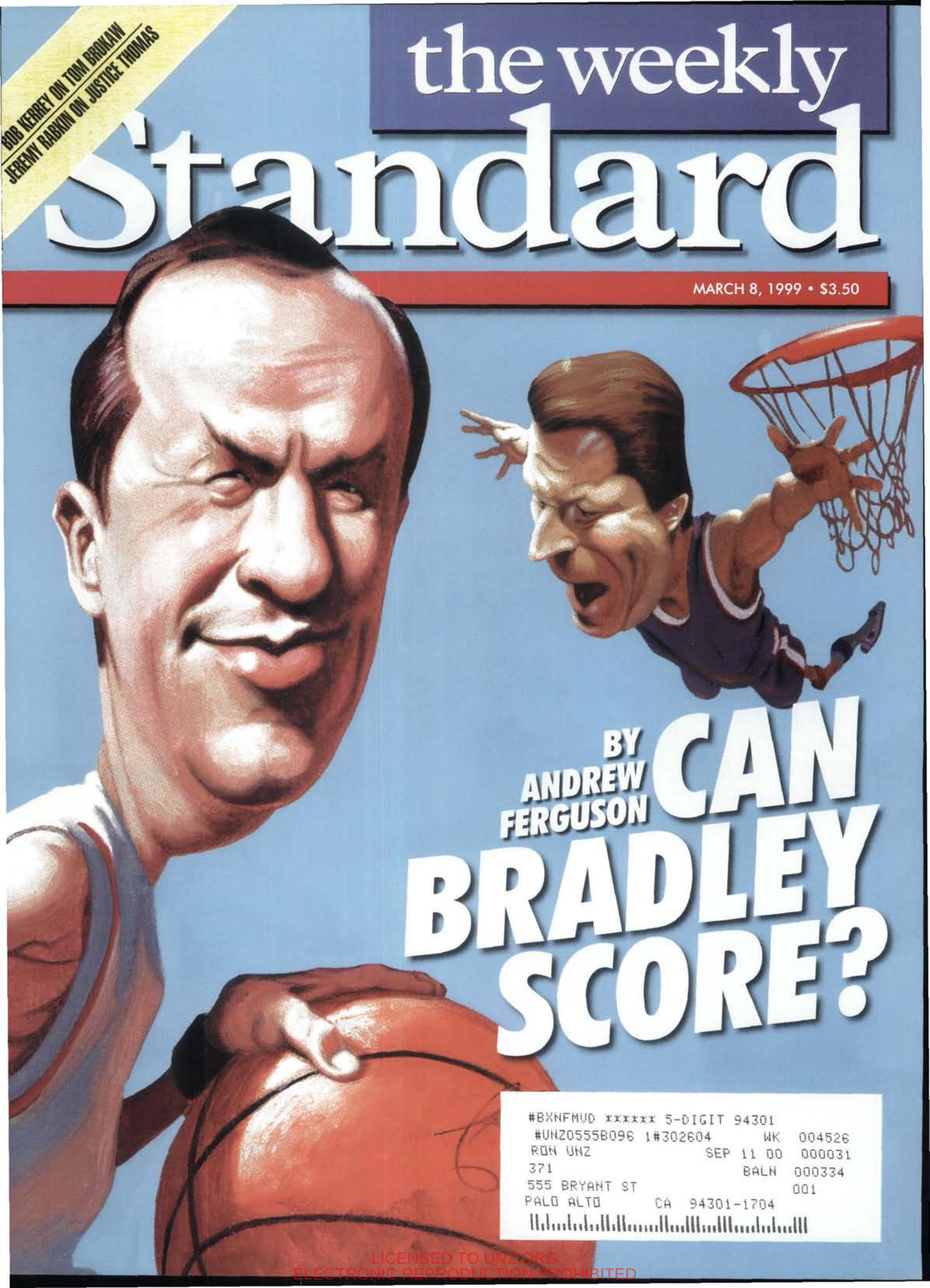
the weekly Standard

MARCH 8, 1999 • $3.50

BOB KERREY ON TOM BROKAW
JEREMY RABKIN ON JUSTICE THOMAS



BY ANDREW FERGUSON CAN BRADLEY SCORE?

#BXNFMVD ****** 5-DIGIT 94301
#UNZ0555B096 1#302604 WK 004526
RON UNZ SEP 11 00 000031
371 BALN 000334
555 BRYANT ST 001
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"How do you *teach physics* to fifth graders? Build an **amusement park,** of course."

"From laying our own rail system for steam engines, to studying the houses of Frank Lloyd Wright, to designing amusement park rides—that's how the physics curriculum flows in my classroom."

In Winnie Bolinsky's fifth grade class in Upper Macungie Township, Pennsylvania, she uses technology not only to bring a difficult science to life—but also to knock down the traditional walls between it and other subjects. Creating a virtual railway to understand local history, exchanging e-mail with Wisconsin architects to learn more math—technology helps Ms. Bolinsky's kids absorb knowledge.

By listening and responding to the needs of educators like Ms. Bolinsky, we're bringing innovative, affordable products to schools, providing new opportunities to learn, grow, and communicate. From kindergarten to graduate school, technology is expanding the classroom far beyond its previous boundaries. At Microsoft,® we're working hard to create the tools to help teachers and students do amazing things, today and in the future.

Microsoft

Where do you want to go today?®

www.microsoft.com/presspass

© 1999 Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved. Microsoft and "Where do you want to go today?" are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Microsoft Corporation in the United States and/or other countries.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the weekly
Standard

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 24 • MARCH 8, 1999

2 SCRAPBOOK

4 CORRESPONDENCE

6 CASUAL
Call Chris Caldwell for a good time.

7 EDITORIALS
The Unaccountable President
The Kosovo Debacle

9 A THOUSAND TAX CUTS
The congressional GOP learns laissez faire. *by* **DAVID BROOKS**

12 GUILT-FREE HISTORY
Japan still shrinks from its past. *by* **CHARLES HORNER**

14 CLINTON'S BLUSTER
Libya and Serbia ignore U.S. threats. *by* **JOHN R. BOLTON**

40 PARODY

Cover by James Bennett

16 CAN BRADLEY SCORE?
Gore's only Democratic challenger steps out in Iowa. *by* **ANDREW FERGUSON**

20 GOOD OLD RELIABLE NATHAN
Clinton's fund-raiser stands accused—and defiant. *by* **MATT LABASH**

25 RULES FOR TRADE WITH CHINA
China must reform before joining the WTO. *by* **GREG MASTEL**

Books & Arts

29 WORLD OF OUR FATHERS Tom Brokaw describes the greatest generation. *by* **BOB KERREY**

31 DOING JUSTICE Scott Gerber's account of Clarence Thomas on the Supreme Court. *by* **JEREMY RABKIN**

34 FROM LEFT TO RIGHT The punditry of Max Lerner. *by* **TEVI TROY**

36 "I SEE BY YOUR OUTFIT" The decline of country music. *by* **ANDREW PEYTON THOMAS**

William Kristol, *Editor and Publisher* **Fred Barnes,** *Executive Editor*
David Tell, *Opinion Editor* **David Brooks, Andrew Ferguson,** *Senior Editors* **Richard Starr, Claudia Winkler,** *Managing Editors*
J. Bottum, *Books & Arts Editor* **Christopher Caldwell,** *Senior Writer* **Victorino Matus, David Skinner,** *Associate Editors*
Tucker Carlson, Matt Labash, Matthew Rees, *Staff Writers* **Kent Bain,** *Art Director*
Katherine Rybak, *Assistant Art Director* **Jonathan V. Last,** *Reporter*
John J. Dilulio Jr., Joseph Epstein, David Frum, David Gelernter, Brit Hume,
Robert Kagan, Charles Krauthammer, P. J. O'Rourke, John Podhoretz, Irwin M. Stelzer, *Contributing Editors*
David H. Bass, *Deputy Publisher* **Jennifer L. Felten,** *Business Manager*
Nicholas H. B. Swezey, *Advertising & Marketing Manager* **John L. Mackall,** *Advertising Sales Manager* **Lauren C. Trotta,** *Circulation Director*
Doris Ridley, Carolyn Wimmer, *Executive Assistants* **Sarah Keech, Adam Langley, Ian Slatter,** *Staff Assistants*

THE WEEKLY STANDARD (ISSN 1083-3013) is published weekly (except for combined issues the first and second week in January; the first and second week in July; the second and third week in August; and the last week in November and first week in December) by News America Incorporated, 1211 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10036. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, P.O. Box 96127, Washington, DC 20077-7767. For subscription customer service in the United States, call 1-800-274-7293. For new subscription orders, please call 1-800-283-2014. Subscribers: Please send new subscription orders to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, P.O. Box 96153, Washington, DC 20090-6153; changes of address to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, P.O. Box 96127, Washington, DC 20077-7767. Please include your latest magazine mailing label. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for arrival of first copy and address changes. Yearly subscriptions, $78.00. Canadian/foreign orders require additional postage and must be paid in full prior to commencement of service. Canadian/foreign subscribers may call 1-303-776-3605 for subscription inquiries. Visa/MasterCard payment accepted. Cover price, $3.50. Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage and handling). Send manuscripts and letters to the editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Suite 505, Washington, DC 20036-4617. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. THE WEEKLY STANDARD Advertising Sales Office in Washington, DC, is 1-202-293-4900. Advertising Production: Call Natalie Harwood, 1-610-293-8540. Copyright 1999, News America Incorporated. All rights reserved. No material in THE WEEKLY STANDARD may be reprinted without permission of the copyright owner. THE WEEKLY STANDARD is a trademark of News America Incorporated.

BPA INTERNATIONAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Al Gore's Impeccable Timing

Who does Vice President Al Gore believe—his best bud Bill Clinton or Juanita Broaddrick, the woman who accuses the president of raping her in 1978? This question arises not from malice on the part of The Scrapbook but thanks to a press release from the Office of the Vice President, marking an event last Friday in the Roosevelt Room of the White House: "VICE PRESIDENT GORE ANNOUNCES $223 MILLION IN GRANTS TO HELP DETECT AND STOP VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN."

No doubt this press conference was scheduled well in advance of last week's news cycle. Still, these sorts of events can always be unscheduled if a vice president so desires. So it was an interesting choice by Gore to go full steam ahead with this worthy initiative. Maybe he thought it would be more embarrassing to cancel it.

And maybe, too, if you're Al Gore, you really don't want to pass up an occasion to tell Americans that the Clinton-Gore administration "fought for and the President signed the Violence Against Women Act (VAWA), as part of the 1994 Crime Act." This is the sort of thing about which it probably doesn't hurt to remind people now and again.

And besides, it is important, as the vice president emphasized, to "hold abusers accountable." Still, the event raised many questions—and not just about Gore's judgment. There was also the question raised by the wording of the press-release headline: Does it really require a grant from Washington to *detect* violence against women?

Usually there are fairly obvious indicators that such violence has been perpetrated. Here's one: A man's parting remark after an encounter with a woman is that she might want to apply some ice to her lip.

As it turns out, Al Gore's permanent poker face is an unbelievable political asset.

Let's Go Postal!

It's unfortunately too late to vote—the deadline was Feb. 28—but The Scrapbook would have recommended stuffing the U.S. Postal Service ballot box in favor of a "Fall of the Berlin Wall" stamp to commemorate the 1980s. Not that The Scrapbook is necessarily in favor of commemorating the 1980s, but the new, improved, and privatized Postal Service—which The Scrapbook theoretically approves of—is. And it has been inviting patrons to participate by filling out an official ballot, "Vote for your favorite stamps of the 80s."

Back in the era when The Scrapbook collected stamps—when the Post Office was still a government monopoly and didn't refer to itself cheerfully as "your United States Postal Service!"—stamps fell into approximately two categories: dead presidents and flags. Now, however, we all get to vote. As the official ballot asked, "How do you picture the 80s? Is it aerobics? The fall of the Berlin Wall? The San Francisco 49ers? Or the compact disc that moves you?"

Among the many "totally awesome" potential commemorative stamps that your Postal Service will soon issue, depending on how the voting turns out, are Beach Volleyball (shades of the Newt Gingrich era), Video Games, Mountain Biking, "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial," and The Scrapbook's favorite, "Hip-hop Culture," described thusly in the Postal Service brochure: "Created by inner-city youths from the South Bronx, hip-hop culture—rap music, break dancing, disc jockeying, and graffiti—spread across America and the world."

Ah, the spread of graffiti across America and the world; there's something to commemorate.

Impeachment—Great for Fund-raising

President Clinton's legal defense fund last week announced results for its most recent six months of hat-passing—a period that began last August when the House received Ken Starr's impeachment referral and ended with the president's acquittal. All that publicity

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a boon to the cause: $2.3 million rolled in from donors eager to help pay down the Clintons' debts to David Kendall, Bob Bennett, et al.

The celebrity contingent was not as large as one might have anticipated from the level of anti-Starr vituperation one read last year in *Daily Variety*. Still, for the record: Singers Tony Bennett and Don Henley each pitched in $10,000, the maximum allowed. Robert De Niro, despite (or perhaps because of) his own personal nightmare with morals charges (in France of all places), still had $5,000 left over for the president, as did horror novelist Stephen King.

The Ultimate Election Monitor

Colin Powell was scheduled to be in Nigeria Feb. 27 to join a bipartisan group of members of Congress monitoring the country's presidential election. Maybe he's trying to compensate for impolitic comments he made about the country in 1995. That was when he told Henry Louis Gates Jr., in an article for the *New Yorker*, that Nigerians, of whom there are 101 million, "tend not to be honest . . . as a group, frankly [they] are marvelous scammers. I mean, it's their national culture." That prompted the Congress of Nigerians Abroad and the Organization of Nigerian Professionals to release a joint statement saying Powell's comments were "the irresponsible tirade of a man who has abandoned his African heritage."

If Powell certifies the election, we're prepared to take his word for it.

Just Say Ha!

"Clinton Asks 'Benefit Of The Doubt' on Medicare," read a Reuters dispatch last week. And with that wonderful headline, The Scrapbook hereby inaugurates a semi-regular feature on Inappropriate Clintonian Rhetoric. The president, to an audience of labor unions, said that in any future argument with the Republicans in Congress, "All I ask you is to look at the performance of our country over the last six years, and give us the benefit of the doubt."

We have slightly different advice for members of Congress. As you negotiate with the president on Medicare and other serious issues in the months ahead, whenever he asks you to give him the benefit of the doubt: Don't. Make doubt your friend. If the president makes a commitment, get it in writing . . . with a notary seal . . . and preferably with some of the president's personal funds in escrow.

As always, readers are invited to mail especially striking examples of Inappropriate Clintonian Rhetoric to The Weekly Standard, Attn: Scrapbook, 1150 17th Street, NW, Suite 505, Washington, D.C. 20036.

Help Wanted

The Weekly Standard has a full-time position available for an entry-level staff assistant. This is an administrative position working with the business and circulation staff. Please mail your résumé to: Business Manager, The Weekly Standard, 1150 17th Street, NW, Suite 505, Washington, D.C. 20036. Or fax us at (202) 293-4901. No calls, please.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Clinton Acquittal

In his otherwise insightful commentary on the Clinton acquittal, Norman Podhoretz wrongly states that the federal courts were "persuaded" by feminists "to allow investigations to establish a pattern of such behavior" in sex-harassment cases ("Symposium," Feb. 22). The creation of this special exception was accomplished by persuading Congress, not the courts—which to their credit strongly resisted the change.

Rule 415 of the Federal Rules of Evidence provides that in a civil action seeking damages for "sexual assault," evidence that the defendant engaged in similar conduct with another person "is admissible." This provision was enacted by the Democratic Congress on September 13, 1994. It was championed by feminist groups with the active assistance of President Clinton, who signed the bill into law. The provision had been opposed by the Judicial Conference, whose report noted that "the overwhelming majority of judges, lawyers, law professors, and legal organizations who responded opposed" the proposal, primarily on the grounds "that the rules would permit the admission of unfairly prejudicial evidence." But Congress chose to ignore the Judicial Conference's opposition, and the provision went into effect in 1995—just in time to be applied in the soon-to-be-filed Paula Jones case.

Not surprisingly, in order to take advantage of the new provision, Paula Jones's lawyers crafted their case as an alleged "sexual assault" within the scope of Rule 415. And when, as expected, Clinton's lawyers objected to discovery about his other sexual relationships, Jones's lawyers successfully placed heavy reliance on Rule 415 to overcome the defense's objections.

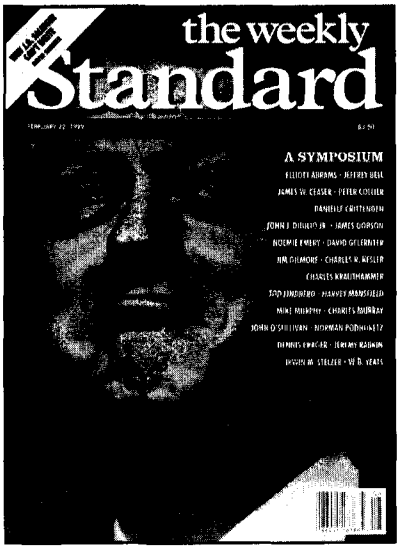
In short, Clinton (pardon the expression) was hoist with his own petard.

EARL E. POLLOCK
LONGBOAT KEY, FL

Let me, a moderate, try to explain to your Symposium pundits why some of us make up the 60 percent of Americans who are relieved by President Clinton's acquittal.

Recall a wonderful book and movie from the 1960s, *Seven Days in May*, in which a general plots a military overthrow of the government. Lacking a smoking gun to verify the conspiracy, the president is tempted to reveal the general's mistress, but he decides against it because adultery, though immoral, is trivial in comparison with undermining the American government. So the fictional president waits for evidence demonstrating the general's tyranny.

So where is Bill Clinton's tyranny? Ken Starr spends $40 million, and do we get indictments for stealing money (Whitewater), abusing power (Filegate and Travelgate), or undermining elections? No, after $40 million, all we have is sex.



House Republicans and conservatives saw this impeachment fight as an honorable battle for the Constitution, for the rule of law, and for morality. But the rest of us believe you conservatives diminished yourselves by standing alone to create this impeachment fiasco instead of joining with us moderates and liberals in quickly and efficiently rebuking the president.

ROSAMOND KAY
PHILADELPHIA, PA

Charles Murray's comparison of the past year of Clinton's travails to the Dreyfus affair made me extremely concerned about our nation's future. I am from the World War II generation and have seen the attitudes of my three '60s generation children—and what I saw gave me great pause about the direction of our society. Now I see, as Murray calls it, "the defining moment that exposed the rot in the institutions of American republican government." I believe we are on a downward slope with the bottom not yet in sight.

Many of the other articles in your Symposium call on Republicans and conservatives to rally and put the nation back on a more moral course, but I have seen too much fecklessness among them to believe it will happen.

PHILIP SNYDER
MT. LAUREL, NJ

James Dobson correctly predicts history's esteem for the House managers. That "band of brothers" did their duty—despite political risk—and were as inspirational as the senators seeking safe endgame strategies were despicable.

As the new millennium approaches, perhaps the most craven recorded judgment of the past thousand years was rendered by Sen. Robert Byrd. Inexplicably referred to as the "conscience of the Senate," he deemed William Jefferson Clinton guilty of perjury and obstruction of justice, rated those offenses high crimes, and then voted to acquit because of public opinion.

History will forever record that Byrd and many other senators were not innocent, but rather infamous.

JAMES J. HOGAN
SILVER SPRING, MD

Speaking as a Nordic-Germanic pagan, I want to tell you bluntly: The slurs printed against my religion in your Symposium are despicable.

The pagan religion, which prevailed throughout Europe before Christianity was inflicted upon us, is neither wicked nor evil; it is a practical, natural philosophy of self-determination, self-reliance, and rugged individualism which every person must embrace if he is to survive in a harsh and adverse environment. When Christianity was forced upon us on pain of death, many of us rolled with the punches and went underground instead. No nation ever embraced Christianity voluntarily,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deadly force has always been needed. The moral bankruptcy of your position is clear: If what you have to offer is so good, why must you force it upon us?

Your notion that you have the right to inflict your values is equally flawed: If I am able to run my own affairs, no action on your part is necessary; if not, no action is possible.

These polluted thoughts also pollute your politics: You're against everything from partial-birth abortion to kids playing video games—and you want your notions of right and wrong inflicted upon us as public policy. Did you ever consider that if your ideas had merit, people might embrace them voluntarily?

Our people were around thousands of years before you came, and after you are gone we will still be around for thousands of years hereafter; you didn't get us the last time, and you won't get us the next time, so grow up and live with it.

DAVID A. ROACH
CORPUS CHRISTI, TX

John J. DiIulio Jr. discusses the threat posed by modern pagans, who, among other things, "behave as if they believe that individuals own their own bodies outright." Later, he expresses relief that America "routed the international pagan movements of fascism and communism." But since when did fascism and communism champion the idea that people "own their own bodies outright"? This notion would have come as news to the millions whose lives were thrown away in the death camps, forced collectivizations, and global wars that these systems produced. It would be more accurate to say that under totalitarianism the individual owns nothing, not even his body, and is himself a mere item of property to be used and disposed of by the state.

DOUGLAS BORTON
TUCSON, AZ

John J. DiIulio Jr. writes of the "creeping paganization of American politics and culture," explaining, "I am using 'pagan' to describe people who behave as if they believe that individuals own their own bodies outright, that there is no objective moral truth, that no human community need aspire to be more than the sum of its living members' worldly desires."

DiIulio does pagans a grave injustice. If he were to go back to some of the actual pagan sources—the Norse *Eddas*, for example, or the writings of the Greek poets—he would find that pagans did not, by and large, hold the beliefs he ascribes to them. Orestes's life would have been a lot easier if he had believed there was no objective moral truth; and if the Norseman had respected only physical might, he would have switched his allegiance from the Æsir gods to the giants. He knew the giants were stronger, but he also knew that the gods were right.

C.S. Lewis was once asked if he thought England was reverting to paganism. He answered that he wished it were, for "the pagan, as history shows, is a man eminently convertible to Christianity."

ANDREW SOLOVAY
BELMONT, CA

While it was quite appropriate that you should run W.B. Yeats's *To a Friend Whose Work Has Come to Nothing*, there may be a more apposite quote.

In his *Education*, Henry Adams wrote of the Grant administration in words that sound oddly familiar: "[the] Administration outraged every rule of ordinary decency, but scores of promising men, whom the country could not well spare, were ruined in saying so. The world cared little for decency. What it wanted, it did not know; probably a system that would work and men who could work it; but it found neither."

The good news from that era is that the federal government became essentially irrelevant for a generation or more. We should hope for as much.

GREGORY THOMAS
HOUSTON, TX

USE YOUR ALLUSION

The SCRAPBOOK quotes Henry Hyde quoting Gibbon to describe the president: "Severus promised, only to betray; he flattered only to ruin; and however he might occasionally bind himself by oaths and treaties, his conscience, obsequious to his interest, always released him from the inconvenient obligation" ("Just an Allusion," Feb. 22).

A few pages later Gibbon writes: "Posterity, who experienced the fatal effects of his maxims and example, justly considered [Severus] as the principal author of the decline of the Roman Empire."

Could that describe the fate of this nation?

W.B. WRIGHT JR.
NAPLES, FL

It is amazing, as the SCRAPBOOK points out, that Bill Clinton, through the mouth of Sidney Blumenthal, has the chutzpah to claim the role of *Darkness at Noon*'s Rubashov. But there is another book, also about a political trial, also from a half century ago, that is far more apposite, and it's not a novel. Whittaker Chambers's testament *Witness* is the real touchstone for the Clinton affair.

In *Witness* the elite media and liberal opinion makers worked themselves into near apoplexy over a "partisan and unfair witch hunt." How dare the uncouth little man with the bad teeth—the "trailer trash" of his day—accuse the handsome and articulate personification of the center-left establishment? The defense also mobilized every available resource of public opinion and personal destruction to squash the facts that threatened to pull back the veil of subversive corruption. And the defendant turned out to be guilty as charged, even though he lived the rest of his life with a committed band of dupes arguing loudly for his innocence.

Bill Clinton is not Rubashov. He's Alger Hiss.

TOM RILEY
CHEVY CHASE, MD

THE WEEKLY STANDARD
welcomes letters to the editor.
Letters will be edited for length and clarity and must include the writer's name, address, and phone number.
All letters should be addressed:
Correspondence Editor
THE WEEKLY STANDARD
1150 17th St., NW
Washington, DC 20036.
You may also fax letters: (202) 293-4901.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Casual

PARTY LINE

"My boyfriend and I used to have *a lot* of phone sex," said a girl sitting next to me at a dinner party in Boston in 1989.

This was said with such a sidelong look of knowingness that I was sure blurting out "What's phone sex?" (and, after all, it's not so hard to guess) would be the wrong response. So I gave her a jiggly up-and-down nod of the head as if to say, "Of course! Of course you did! Who wouldn't?"

She also said it so loudly that everyone else at the table, about a dozen people, turned to listen, which is just what she wanted. "And one time . . ." she continued with a mock cringe, ". . . one time he got my *mother* on the phone and thought it was me!"

I remember gasps everywhere and a woman saying, "Oh. My. Gawd."

But in the weeks that followed, I heard the same story about three other couples. That was enough to allow me to dismiss it as an urban myth, into which my dinner-party interlocutor had been crass enough to introduce her *mother* for mere dramatic effect.

I drew two conclusions: first, that all the gasps and oh-my-gawds were meant to mask the ignorance of my fellow diners, prisoners like me of the Will to Chic; and therefore that "phone sex" existed only as a pretext for telling this rather entertaining dinner-party story.

But something's happened in the past decade. Nowadays, you'd have to be an utter naïf not to have heard of the practice. The evidence keeps pouring in: anecdotes, the Starr Report, the pages and pages of ads in the back of tabloids, and even, in other countries, television.

Last fall in Berlin, I kept seeing the same commercial over and over again on television: a bunch of blonde girls propped up on their elbows on a bed, chirping a jingle catchy enough that I remember it six months later:

> *Null-hundert-neun, vier-zwei-zwei, vier-zwei-zwei*
> *Einundachtzig pfennig,*
> *Wir sind dabei!*
> *Vier-zwei-zwei, vier-zwei-zwei!*

It's a little less romantic in English:

> 0109-422-422
> 81¢
> Here we are!
> 0109-422-422

So phone sex does exist—but that doesn't make it any less ridiculous. This is just another instance of society's tendency to evolve in the direction of Monty Python skits.

On a compact disc that I've worn paper-thin there's a parody of the BBC's *Election Night Special*, in which a radical candidate called Tarquin Fin Tin Limbim Fatang Fatang Olé Biscuit Barrel gets no votes. ("Not a sausage. Bugger all.") Does that bother him? "Not at all," he replies. "I always say, Climb every mountain—ford every stream."

I used to laugh and laugh at the utter absurdity of this skit, which was written in 1970. But within ten years, "spin" was a verb here, and today, even Britain has this kind of politics. As in all great Monty Python routines—The Olympic Being Eaten by a Crocodile Event, Argument Lessons, The All-England Recapitulate Proust Contest, The Department of Silly Walks—the humor resides in using sensible means to pursue ridiculous ends.

In this light, the innovation of "phone sex" would seem to be Monty Python's way of resolving a heated and running argument I keep having with one of my colleagues. We belong to the same generation and agree on most of our premises, but we're irreconcilable on one point.

My colleague argues that the country has gone off the rails sexually in the past decade and foundered in a sink of hedonism and decadence. I argue that we've just passed through the most puritanical decade of the century, and that people are now about as likely to seek personal fulfillment through sex as they are to seek it through chain-smoking.

Now I see that we're both right. The twenty-somethings I know are not hedonists, let alone deviants. And yet they'll talk about anything—anything! Presumably they'll even dial *null-hundert-neun, vier-zwei-zwei, vier-zwei-zwei* and pay for the privilege.

Sex is all over the public discourse, to the point where it's becoming like racial prejudice: The harder it gets to find, the more people tend to talk about it. Popular songs now raise what used to be thought the most private practices. So do articles! Ten years ago, I'd rather have had a root canal than see my byline below an article on this topic.

Which, I suppose, makes me another creative spirit liberated by the Lewinsky affair.

CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the weekly Standard

THE UNACCOUNTABLE PRESIDENT

The accusation is serious: rape. The accuser is credible: an Arkansas businesswoman named Juanita Broaddrick. The accused, then the attorney general of Arkansas, is now the president of the United States. The question is: Will he get away with what no other American could get away with—not having to answer the accusation directly?

Press scrutiny of the Broaddrick story over the last couple of weeks has strengthened it. NBC had interviewed Broaddrick on camera in January. For whatever reasons, the network was reluctant to broadcast Lisa Myers's exclusive. But then Dorothy Rabinowitz of the *Wall Street Journal* published the first on-the-record account of the incident in Broaddrick's words. And the *Washington Post* advanced the story. Finally last week, NBC aired Myers's interview and added important corroborating information to Broaddrick's powerful account of being sexually assaulted. In addition to three contemporaneous witnesses who corroborated Broaddrick's story, Myers found a document showing Broaddrick attended a convention of nursing home operators in Little Rock on April 25, 1978, a date on which Clinton appears to have been in Little Rock as well. And as for Broaddrick's claim that Clinton, on the verge of running for president, called her out of another nursing home meeting in Little Rock in March 1991 to apologize for the assault 13 years earlier, Myers found someone who saw Clinton and Broaddrick talking together in a hallway of the Camelot Hotel at that time.

Here's another interesting detail about this story no one else seems yet to have noticed. In the final "Tripp tape," a conversation between Linda Tripp and Monica Lewinsky on January 15, 1998, the two women are discussing what Tripp will say when she is deposed by Paula Jones's attorneys. All of a sudden, Lewinsky changes the subject and muses over the president's looming deposition:

> MS. LEWINSKY: I wonder how he'll explain that 128-minute call to Juanita.
> MS. TRIPP: 158.
> MS. LEWINSKY: 158 to Juanita.
> MS. TRIPP: Say it wasn't him, I guess.
> MS. LEWINSKY: Or, well, I mean the truth is, is it could have been—"I really don't remember."
> MS. TRIPP: (Laughter.)

Where does the story go from here? Neither prosecutors nor members of Congress are pursuing it. The statute of limitations in Arkansas on rape (six years) ran out long ago. Independent counsel Kenneth Starr has no jurisdiction in the case because Broaddrick says Clinton never pressured her to lie under oath or obstruct justice. As for members of Congress, Republicans are suffering impeachment hangover and aren't interested, and Democrats . . . well, their tolerance for egregious wrongdoing by Clinton is boundless. So who does that leave? Only the press and the public.

For the media to allow the story to die with no response from Clinton and only a curt denial from his lawyer would be a travesty. If there's a journalistic standard for such cases, it was set in the Clarence Thomas and Bob Packwood episodes. In both, the press investigated aggressively, even though the accusations involved incidents that had occurred years before. Nor was the fact that Anita Hill merely accused Thomas of talking dirty an impediment to reportorial zeal. Packwood was charged with groping and kissing, not rape—and again, the media went after him relentlessly.

Clinton, fearful of giving the story oxygen, is hiding behind his lawyer, David Kendall, who declared the rape accusation "absolutely false." The press shouldn't accept this as an adequate response. First of all, there's no legal jeopardy for the president, so why should Clinton trot out his personal attorney? And what does Kendall know about what his client did in 1978, anyway?

Nor should the media settle for the current off-the-record White House spin that, as NBC White House correspondent Claire Shipman put it, "if there was an encounter, it may have been consensual." No, reporters should insist that Clinton himself address the accusation. And there are many, many questions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to ask him. Does he know Broaddrick? Did he go to her hotel room in 1978? Did they have sex? Why did he scribble on a 1984 letter to her, "I admire you very much"? Did he seek her out in 1991? If so, why and what did he say to her? Is there anything he'd like to say to Broaddrick today?

Sad to say, White House reporters don't seem to be warming to the task. When Broaddrick first accused Clinton in the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Washington Post* reporter who covers the White House, John Harris, said: "This does not fit the pattern or seem to be consistent with [the president's] behavior in any way." Perhaps he'd never heard of Paula Jones or Kathleen Willey. Other reporters have resorted to the alibi that the public is weary of Clinton sex stories and just isn't interested in the Broaddrick case. This lame excuse amounts to an abdication of news judgment.

What's clear is the press will need prodding to pursue the story. In the Thomas and Packwood cases, that came chiefly from feminists. And with Broaddrick, the accusations certainly fit the feminist template: She was victimized by a powerful man, felt complicit because she'd allowed him to come to her hotel room, was too embarrassed to report the crime for years, was afraid of being destroyed if she did. Indeed, Patricia Ireland, president of the National Organization for Women, issued a statement saying Broaddrick's charge was "particularly compelling because, like Kathleen Willey, she has been a reluctant witness with no apparent political or financial motivation." But the feminist establishment has made a Faustian bargain with its man Clinton. Ireland asked only that Clinton not "launch a broadside" against Broaddrick—she didn't demand an investigation or insist Clinton come clean about the Broaddrick case. Oh, yes, she did denounce "ultraconservatives" for exploiting the case.

The pressure for a full examination of Broaddrick's charge will have to come from the rest of us: grass- roots activists, religious leaders, maybe a few politicians, indeed anyone with a moral bent and thirst for justice and the truth. Appalled by the media's minimal interest in the case, *Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen wrote: "It is one thing to define deviancy down. It's another thing to obliterate it entirely." Yet if the Broaddrick case fades without a trace, that's what we will have permitted Clinton to do. He will reign triumphant, not only acquitted by the Senate, but utterly unaccountable for all of his past behavior, no matter how contemptible or heinous.

—Fred Barnes, for the Editors

THE KOSOVO DEBACLE

Last week's debacle at Rambouillet, the French château where Secretary of State Madeleine Albright failed to win agreement from both Serbs and Kosovar Albanians, was more than just a humiliation for the Clinton administration. In the coming days and weeks the awful consequences of that failure will be felt by thousands of innocent civilians in Kosovo. As this magazine went to press, Serb forces under the control of Yugoslav president Slobodan Milosevic appeared poised to begin a massive new offensive against the ethnic Albanian population of Kosovo. Milosevic clearly would like to use the next two weeks to decimate Kosovar guerrilla forces and, short of that, to inflict so much suffering on the civilian population that when talks resume on March 15, Kosovar delegates will be prepared to sue for peace on Milosevic's terms. We can expect atrocities and homeless refugees, because these tactics of terror and genocide are Milosevic's weapons of choice. They have served him well in the past, and Clinton's feckless response has surely convinced him that he may use them again with impunity.

Perhaps the administration and our NATO allies will be so horrified by the carnage, and so ashamed for their role in unleashing it, that they will finally do what they should have done last April, last October, and last week: launch a massive air attack on the Serb military and military infrastructure—the pillars on which Milosevic's rule in Belgrade rests. But don't hold your breath. What little consensus may have existed among the NATO allies for airstrikes last week has now all but evaporated. The Clinton administration had its chance to lead the alliance effectively against Milosevic, and blew it. It may not have another chance for some time.

As if that isn't bad enough, many Republicans in Congress seem bent on voting soon to oppose any deployment of U.S. troops to Kosovo—even if a decent agreement were to be reached offering Kosovars a chance at real autonomy. This would not only be a catastrophe for the many innocent civilians who are likely to die over the coming weeks and months. It would also be a catastrophe for NATO. If the alliance decides to deploy and the United States refuses to participate, it will cause the biggest rupture in the alliance's long and honorable history. It might,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indeed, mean the end of NATO as an American-led alliance.

Republican senators who voted last year to expand NATO, and House members who in 1994 made its expansion a plank in the Contract with America, may want to reflect for a moment on the effect a stand against ground troops would have on our new allies in Poland, Hungary, and the Czech Republic. If the United States balks at sending 4,000 more troops to the Balkans, what confidence can these new allies have that America would send tens of thousands of troops to defend their soil against attack? If this country proves unwilling to take on Milosevic now, what are the chances it will be willing to take on potentially more dangerous foes in the years ahead? A vote against deployment would strike a blow at two planks in foreign policy that Republicans have claimed to stand for: a strong NATO alliance and vigorous U.S. leadership. These principles are, obviously, intimately related.

So what should Republicans do? They should follow the example set by Senator John McCain. Senator McCain has been a harsh critic of the Clinton administration's inept foreign policy, and he is no fan of reckless deployments of American troops overseas. As a leading member of the armed services committee, McCain knows better than anyone how severely stretched U.S. forces are, thanks to six years of defense cuts under President Clinton. As a decorated Vietnam veteran and a former prisoner of war, McCain knows something about quagmires. But he also knows, as he said last week, that "Slobodan Milosevic represents the personification of a kind of tyranny we had hoped we had seen the last of with the death of Stalin," and that therefore "he must be curtailed through forceful persuasion." And McCain is right when he argues that "the risks to U.S. national interests should the fighting in Kosovo spread beyond its confines could be substantial."

Instead of opposing deployment, McCain is insisting that the Clinton administration demonstrate that it is serious about any use of military force and that it knows what it is doing before it dispatches troops to Kosovo: that it has a coherent strategy, clear rules of engagement, a plan to pay for the operation without depleting already meager Pentagon funds, and a commitment to insure that NATO alone calls the shots. "If these commitments are met up front," McCain declared last week, he will support the deployment.

Republicans ought to do the same. A major intra-party battle is now shaping up over the issue of Kosovo. On one side are Pat Buchanan and the neo-isolationist wing of the party, strangely allied this time with the likes of Henry Kissinger and Lamar Alexander. On the other side is a resurgent Reaganite wing, led by McCain in Congress, and Reaganites like Jeane Kirkpatrick, Vin Weber, Richard Perle, and Caspar Weinberger—all of whom signed a letter at the end of January in support of NATO ground troops if needed.

The outcome of this intra-GOP battle may shape the course of Republican foreign policy for years to come, and it will certainly shape the contest in 2000. If the Republicans want to run against Al Gore as the party of responsible leadership in foreign policy, the time to start is now.

—Robert Kagan, for the Editors

A Thousand Tax Cuts

by David Brooks

I'M WILLING TO DO A LOT FOR YOU, dear Reader, but I'm afraid I couldn't quite drag myself to the "Call for Reconciliation" meeting Republicans and Democrats threw for themselves last Thursday at 8:00 A.M. The sight of a bipartisan congressional scrum of high-minded members from both sides of the aisle dedicating themselves to "moving on," "seeking closure," "healing wounds," and "getting back to the business of the American people" so early in the morning would have been socially embarrassing for me, especially if I started gagging in the middle of it. Besides, after spending several days up on the Hill watching the Republicans go about their business, I was beginning to feel good about their prospects, and I didn't want anything to spoil the mood.

The big thing that's changed about the GOP is its way of doing business. When Republicans won their majority in 1994, they were used to winning presidential elections but not congressional elections. So they acted as if they'd just won the presidency. They set up a counter-president—Newt Gingrich. They launched a 100 days agenda—the Contract With America. They established a top-down management style—fine in the executive branch. Gingrich and his leadership court set the agenda, and the rest of the members were supposed to go out and be foot soldiers.

The problem was that Gingrich wasn't as smart as he thought he was. His top-down management style

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suppressed the ideas and creativity of regular members. And it turned every policy dispute into a leadership crisis. Challenging a policy meant taking on Gingrich. Republicans spent a lot of time in closed-door meetings crying with or challenging their speaker.

That management style might have died last week. It was the week the Republicans figured out how to be a congressional party.

The tottering of the old regime came when Trent Lott tried something Gingrichian. He tried to impose a tax plan on the party and then have the foot soldiers go out and propagandize for it. Lott's idea was to make an across the board 10 percent tax cut the centerpiece of the Republican agenda. Part of the reason the leadership wanted an across the board rate cut was that after the last few budgets, which produced things like the capital gains cut and the child tax credit, the GOP was afraid of looking like the party of targeted cuts for special interests. Also, across the board rate cuts have talismanic appeal for many in the GOP. Ronald Reagan favored them, you see.

THE TOTTERING OF THE OLD REGIME CAME WHEN TRENT LOTT TRIED SOMETHING GINGRICHIAN: HE TRIED TO IMPOSE A TAX PLAN.

Never mind that Reagan faced an entirely different situation. He cut rates to stimulate growth. Now growth doesn't need to be stimulated. He cut rates at a time when there was a tax revolt brewing across the land. Now, the polls clearly reveal, voters want to use the surplus for debt reduction—even conservative voters. Despite all this, the fallback position for some Republicans is: No matter what the political problem, tax-rate cuts are the solution.

But it became obvious last week that many GOP foot soldiers didn't actually support a 10 percent across the board cut. After a series of meetings with members, the leadership was forced to back down. The mainstream media declared this a victory for GOP moderates. (For many reporters, every story about the Republicans has to pit the conservatives against the moderates.) Meanwhile, many of the right-wingers saw this as another example of GOP gutlessness: Clinton had indicated he would attack the 10 percent plan as a tax cut for the rich, so GOP squishes were caving in.

In fact, both the reporters and the wingers were mostly wrong. The rate cut plan failed because there were many different tax cut plans floating around GOP circles—many of them sponsored by true-blue conservatives. And none of the plans had yet won consensus support. Trent Lott's mistake was to try to impose a single plan on the party in the first place, before the alternatives had had a chance to compete in the marketplace of ideas.

By the end of the week the lesson apparently had been learned. Now there will be a little more time for hearings and debate to allow some consensus to emerge. This is the way congressional government is supposed to work.

Here are some of the tax ideas now floating around:

¶ *Death Taxes.* America has some of the highest estate taxes in the world. GOP House member Jennifer Dunn wants to cut them. This is important because as the baby boomers, with their bull-market millions, start dying, the revenue produced by this tax will skyrocket. That's billions of extra dollars going to Washington.

¶ *Marriage Penalty.* Religious conservatives and others have long been pushing to close the anomaly in the tax code that penalizes marriage. GOP representatives Dave McIntosh and Jerry Weller have one proposal.

¶ *Capital Gains.* Yes, Congress just passed a capital gains cut. But it has, in true supply-side fashion, generated a lot of revenue. So the argument is to push it lower and generate more. When you're winning, keep going. Plus, with more and more people in the market, cap-gains cuts poll well.

¶ *IRA Expansion.* Americans love IRAs. Bill Clinton has proposed Universal Savings Accounts, borrowing a term that's been floating around the Cato Institute for years. So Steve Moore of Cato recommends taking the Clinton proposal and driving a truck through it. Allow people to pour more money into IRAs and raise the income cap on the program. That would increase savings, and these IRAs could then be reformed to allow people to use the money for education or long-term health care, thus beginning to privatize benefit programs through the back door. Furthermore, the more people get used to the idea of private IRA accounts, the more they are likely to become amenable to privatized Social Security accounts.

¶ *Bracket Adjustments.* To give tax benefits to the lower middle class, some would raise the income level at which earners start paying taxes. Others object, saying we shouldn't have a large segment of the population that pays no taxes. But we could widen the 15 percent bracket to allow families to earn more before

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RETIREMENT SECURITY ISN'T A LOOPHOLE, IT'S OUR FUTURE.

The President says he'll balance his new budget by closing "loopholes" in tax law. Then he proposes raising 20% of that money by increasing taxes on the products that help American families plan for a secure retirement. But life insurance and annuities aren't loopholes. They are a vital part of securing your financial future.

It just doesn't make sense. One day the President wants Americans to take more responsibility for their retirement. The next, he wants to levy new taxes on annuities and life insurance. But any tax on policyholders – direct or indirect – undermines the goal of a secure retirement for all Americans. And we can't fix Social Security without a strong private retirement system.

Congress and the President should be helping Americans protect their families today and secure their retirement for tomorrow. That shouldn't be a taxing experience.

American Council of Life Insurance
1001 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W. Washington D.C. 20004

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they start paying higher rates.

¶ *Payroll Taxes.* For many families, these are the taxes that take the biggest bite. Some Republicans want to cut them—though doing so lands them in the Social Security thicket.

All of this tussling represents maturation on two fronts. In the first place, it means that Republicans will have a broader array of fiscal choices. In the 1980s it was an absolute article of supply-side faith that rate cuts were economically and politically the best tax cuts. They expanded the pie by giving people the right incentives. There's still a lot of truth to that, but in boom times like this, maybe the menu of options should be larger.

Second, the events of the past week could indicate how the Hastert era will be different from the Gingrich era. No revolutionary vanguard. No maximum Speaker. No paradigm-shifting grand plans. Just a lot of little plans bubbling up from the warrens and cubbies of Capitol Hill. A devolved and laissez-faire management style for a party that is supposed to believe in devolution and laissez-faire.

David Brooks is a senior editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

GUILT-FREE HISTORY

by Charles Horner

IN 1997, THE YOUNG CHINESE-AMERICAN writer Iris Chang published *The Rape of Nanking*, a compelling account of the infamous Japanese capture of China's capital in December 1937. Timed to coincide with the sixtieth anniversary of an episode that has become, like Auschwitz, a defining example of a "crime against humanity," Chang's unexpectedly successful book became a political force in its own right. Not only did it sell hundreds of thousands of copies in the United States, it also was adopted by the Chinese diaspora around the world in its effort to revive international interest in Japan's conduct during World War II.

Japan's war crimes in China, a sometimes dormant, sometimes raging issue in Sino-Japanese diplomatic relations, took center stage again during Chinese president Jiang Zemin's visit to Japan in late 1998. Jiang succeeded in extracting from his hosts a more forthcoming, though still somewhat grudging, apology for past misdeeds. In this, Jiang was attempting a certain kind of Chinese re-unification effort, for all Chinese, whether Communist or Nationalist, are as one in their anti-Japanese sentiments. Indeed, the founders of China's new Democracy party (most of whom were recently jailed) criticized Jiang for being too tepid in Tokyo.

Chang's book is not exactly the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the piece, but its role is important nonetheless. It appeared at a time when the accomplishments of Chinese at home and around the world were a source of growing pride—while the Japanese, beset with economic and political malaise, were once again obsessively engaged with their past. Then last week, Chang's Japanese publisher announced that it has postponed indefinitely issuing the Japanese translation of her book. The company was forthright in admitting that it was succumbing to pressure and threats. Apparently, Chang herself was unwilling to accept revisions and excisions in the Japanese version of her book that would have made it more palatable to Japanese critics.

The controversy over *The Rape of Nanking* tells us something about Japan's difficulties in coming to terms with its Asian neighbors. But it also instructs us about Japanese-American relations since the war. It is symptomatic of Japan's inability to establish a larger political role for itself in the world, as well as of the problems we can anticipate if we wish to make Japan the center of a new pro-democratic, pro-American (anti-China?) strategic coalition in Asia.

In the past, Japan's sense of itself has changed quite abruptly, and we should remain alert to how the Japanese see their place in the scheme of things. Disaster concentrates the mind. The trauma of the country's economic crisis these past few years is, of itself, not comparable to the collapse in 1945 of Japan's great imperial projects. But the most recent reversal of fortune cries out for *some* explanation. How much is it the result of some inherent defect in the Japanese character or system of governance? How much the result of the machinations of anti-Japanese forces outside the country? Who at home should be blamed, and how should they answer? If Japan is still without any real friends in the world, why is that?

For many Japanese, an attempt to answer such questions still begins with the "war crimes" trials that followed World War II. A Nuremberg-type international tribunal began deliberations in Tokyo in May 1946 and issued its judgment in November 1948. All twenty-five defendants were convicted. Seven were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sentenced to death, sixteen to life imprisonment, and the rest to lesser punishments. Meanwhile, in several other places in Asia, the United States, Australia, the Netherlands, the Philippines, France, and China conducted some 2,000 separate trials of their own in many venues, involving more than 5,000 lesser defendants and producing another 4,000 convictions—and another 1,000 death sentences. In the aftermath of devastating defeat, the Japanese were able to lay off their miseries on a handful of leaders and their embarrassments on a somewhat larger group of supposedly rogue warriors.

In particular, by decision of the United States, the emperor on high was absolved of responsibility for any sordid thing that went on during his long reign (Hirohito had ascended the Chrysanthemum Throne in 1926), the better to retain him as the symbol of the state. And by implication, the Japanese people as a whole were found fit for self-government and voluntary membership in the anti-Soviet coalition of democratic states. Yet Japan was, after all, an advanced country, which meant that it had intellectuals. For them, responsibility for Japan's crimes had to lie in the larger "society," the better to justify a fundamental reshaping of it. In the view of Japan's left-leaning intelligentsia, the tribunal's verdict was too narrow: It dealt only with a handful of fascists, whereas fascism as such, in the guise of an essentially one-party, hopelessly corrupt, zaibatsu-dominated, ersatz parliamentary system, lived on.

Yet another exculpatory view was shared by both the Right and the Left, namely that the verdict against Japan was not only "victors' justice" but also a falsification of the facts. Japan was but defending itself against white imperialists who could not abide the rise of a yellow power. In their cynical conspiracy against Japan, and in their punishment of it for mass murder, hypocritical Americans allied themselves with the likes of Joseph Stalin, who sent a judge to sit on the Tokyo tribunal. This view of the war allows Japan's old guard of the right to enjoy a rare moment of high political correctness, for the international Left and the American Left still love to criticize the United States for its use of atomic bombs. Thus, most of the world still sees the Hiroshima Maidens, not General Matsaharu Homma, as the face of the Great Pacific War.

Meanwhile, many Americans, bent on promoting war guilt at home in order to constrain American power abroad, have staged exhibitions and commemorations designed to encourage us to think that the war began with the internment of the Japanese-Americans and ended with the incineration of Nagasaki.

Yet there remains the problem of what happened in between. Even in the United States, far away from, and relatively untouched by, the conflict in Asia, there are reminders. The Justice Department's Office of Special Investigations, which keeps a "watch list" of suspected Nazi criminals barred from entering the United States, began adding Japanese to the list in late 1996. There are now about thirty-five. In part a response to feminists' interest in the fate of "comfort women"—some 200,000 Asian women of different

Scanner 2000™
only $39.95*
*But read this ad for an even better deal!
You can now get TV reception that you never thought possible. With *Scanner 2000™* and through the miracle of microelectronics, you are able to "activate" the electrical wiring of your home and use it as a giant antenna. *Scanner 2000™* will stabilize your TV picture, it will eliminate "ghosts" and static, and it will bring in stations that were visible only as flickers and annoying shadows. Even if you are now on cable or have a digital satellite system, you will be able to clearly receive "fringe" stations. For even more powerful performance, *Scanner 2000™* contains a 20dB amplifier gain booster. As a "bonus" *Scanner 2000™* will greatly enhance your FM and shortwave radio reception.

• Scanner 2000™ *plugs into your house wiring and needs no batteries. The unit has two ports allowing you to operate two TVs or radios at the same time.*

Scanner 2000™ is engineered to our own demanding specifications and we are its exclusive importers. We can therefore bring you this breakthrough electronic development at the low price of just $39.95. **But we have an even better deal: Buy two *Scanner 2000™* for $79.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!**

You may order by toll-free phone, by mail, or by fax and pay by check or Visa/MasterCard. Please give order number **#1068E543.** Add $4.95 for ship./ins. and sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund postage. For customer service or wholesale information, please call (415) 643-2810.

since 1967
haverhills®
2360 Third St., San Francisco, CA 94107

© Order by toll-free phone: (800) 797-7367 or by fax: (415) 643-2818 ©

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nationalities conscripted into brothels run by Japanese field armies—this Justice Department action also reflected exasperation over persistent Japanese stonewalling on many related matters. The Japanese Foreign Ministry called the watch list "a new experience."

In truth, episodes like these are now part of a well-established ritual. The prime minister of Japan visits the national shrine to Japan's war dead, as Prime Minister Hashimoto did two years ago, and China, South Korea, Singapore, and the Philippines file official protests. The Japanese government then offers an impenetrable response. Or the emperor himself travels overseas and makes some reference to events that occurred during his father's reign. Such statements, as in China in 1992 and in Britain early in 1998, satisfy no one, and instead set off yet another round of debate both inside and outside Japan. Or Japan's cultural alliance of Left and Right senses an opportunity and reopens the larger discussion about "history."

Last May, another round of rethinking was occasioned by the release of the film *Pride: A Moment in Time*. It focuses on the "human side" of Hideki Tojo (1885-1948), wartime prime minister and archetypal war criminal who was hanged in 1948. The film offered the Right a critique of the fundamental unfairness of the Tokyo tribunal, and offered the Left the notion that the emperor himself should have been a defendant, the better for his soldiers to have pled loyalty to him. Japan's former enemies in Asia lodged protests.

There is, of course, self-interest in this and not a few crocodile tears. Still, Japan's unwillingness actually and profoundly to accept the great developments of the postwar world is what matters. And it matters very much to our foreign policies. Something as helpful to the United States as security cooperation between Japan and South Korea, for instance, is made infinitely more difficult by Japan's inability to confront its record in its former colony. The idea that Japan must be central to a larger Asian balance of power is made operationally impossible by the legacy of Japan's conduct in Southeast Asia. The suggestion that Japan can somehow be the core of strategic resistance to China comes up against Japan's inability to make any credible counterclaim against China's moral pretensions. The hope that Japan can serve as a model of parliamentary democracy in an Asian setting is still thwarted by Japan's persistent failure to offer itself enthusiastically as such.

Instead, the Japanese polity continues to display a uniquely obscurantist view of itself, seeming ever less cosmopolitan on closer inspection. This must concern strategists as much as moralists, for without moral standing—of the sort Adenauer and Brandt were able to restore to Germany, thereby laying the foundations for Germany's current role in Europe—Japan will remain strategically weak, too weak to be the kind of ally the United States needs in Asia.

Most disturbing over the long run, of course, is the anti-American subtext of Japan's evasion and obfuscation of its past. At the end of the day, Japan's "innocence" must be an affirmation of America's "guilt," for if Japan is the victim then America is the criminal. Japanese subtly instructed by their leaders that this is the *real* state of affairs will be open to many different suggestions about Japan's future role, no matter how politely they listen to ours.

Charles Horner is senior fellow at the Hudson Institute and adjunct professor of politics at Washington and Lee University.

Clinton's Bluster

by John R. Bolton

Just before Christmas, President Clinton addressed the families of the victims in the Pan Am 103 tragedy. He left a clear impression: Their long wait for justice would soon be over.

Four months earlier, the president had discarded the standing American policy of insisting that the accused murderers be tried either in the United States or the United Kingdom, and had accepted a British compromise to permit trial in the Netherlands, presided over by Scottish judges. It was a "take it or leave it" proposal, the Clinton administration said, expecting an answer from Libya no later than the tenth anniversary of the Lockerbie disaster: December 21, 1998.

Although many felt that the compromise offer gave away too much, dissent from Clinton's ploy was muted because of the administration's public and private assurances that there would be no further bargaining with Libya. Nonetheless, the fear that negotiations would continue—and that more concessions to the intransigent Libyan leader Muammar Qaddafi would be made—proved well-justified. The Clinton adminis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tration gave in. First, in a clear effort to insulate Qaddafi from criminal liability for the Pan Am 103 bombing, which many believe he personally ordered, the administration conceded that the prosecution of the alleged murderers would in no way "undermine" the Libyan regime. Second, the United States and the United Kingdom conceded that, if convicted and imprisoned, the defendants would be "monitored" by the United Nations. This implicit admission that Scottish jails are not up to, say, Libyan standards is breathtaking, both for its deference to the "proper" treatment of international terrorists, and as a precedent for intrusive U.N. involvement in our criminal justice system.

And yet, despite these signs of trouble, the victims' families and their supporters continued to hope that the tenth anniversary would mark a red line beyond which the president would retreat no further. Despite a typically well-staged and heart-tugging presidential performance on December 21, the supposed deadline came and went with the compromise proposal still on the table. This time, the president was even more emphatic: Libya had to accept the offer before February 26, the Security Council's next review of the limited economic sanctions against Libya, or much tougher sanctions would be imposed. Once again, the families of the victims and their sympathizers muted their criticisms, hoping the president would carry through on his tough rhetoric.

Qaddafi

Kevin Chadwick

Now, February 26 has come and gone. The Libyans have not responded, except to demand further concessions. Economic sanctions against Libya have not been strengthened. And the defendants are still not in custody awaiting trial. Meanwhile, the Clinton administration's rhetoric gets even tougher, increasing the disparity between its words and its actions.

Sound familiar? During the past two weeks, the administration has followed precisely the same pattern over Kosovo.

First, a deadline, which Clinton himself endorsed, was set for Serbia to agree to the deployment of an international peacekeeping force in Kosovo. Second, just hours before the deadline would have been reached, Secretary of State Madeleine Albright traveled to the negotiations in Rambouillet, France, and it was extended. Again, the administration's rhetoric got tougher. Third, on February 23, with the negotiations collapsing around them, the administration and its European colleagues agreed to an additional three-week extension. Characteristically, the postponement was declared a success, and the rhetoric threatening force continued at a high pitch.

There can be no dispute that the administration's record of unfulfilled threats to Serbia betrays the true intellectual and political poverty of its positions. Of course, exactly the same could be said of the threats the administration has issued to Qaddafi over Pan Am 103. And to Saddam Hussein, over weapons of mass destruction. And to Osama bin Laden and other terrorists still at large. And to the People's Republic of China, over a dozen pressing issues. And so forth.

But the result of the Clinton administration's fecklessness is not only significant harm to America in each of these cases. There is still another, global repercussion from the administration's incessantly repeated hollow threats: the catastrophic loss of U.S. credibility. And soon enough, this problem will have to be faced, not by President Clinton, but by his successor. Much as President Reagan had to convince the world, and especially our adversaries, that the United States had not become terminally befuddled during the Carter years, so too will the next administration have to clean up the wreckage left by President Clinton—a task that can only be accomplished by the effective pursuit of American interests. Aspiring presidential candidates should take note of the damage Clinton has done to U.S. credibility. They would do well to confront the issue in the coming months.

John R. Bolton is the senior vice president of the American Enterprise Institute. In the Bush administration, he served as assistant secretary of state for international organizations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can Bradley Score?

By Andrew Ferguson

Davenport, Iowa

The drive from Point A to Point B across the flatlands of Iowa is always a long one, no matter where you're going, but when you get to Point B you can be sure of one thing: There'll be a donut shop waiting. The entire state is a tribute to the enduring appeal of baked goods. You smell it in the warm odor of frying lard and confectioners' sugar wafting down the Main Streets of the tiny towns, and you see it in the well-fed proportions of the citizenry. So it was probably inevitable, early one morning last week, that former senator Bill Bradley, the only formally announced candidate for the Democratic party's presidential nomination, would be driven for an hour out of Ottumwa through wintry cornfields to find himself in a shop called Donut Land, in Mt. Pleasant, the seat of Henry County.

A sizable crowd had turned out to see him, two dozen Iowans at least. There were farmers in overalls and several housewives, businessmen in sweater vests and wide ties, members of the local high school basketball team proudly wearing their letter jackets. Steam rose from the coffee cups and crumbs of donuts littered the tables and patches of snow slid off the snow boots and melted on the tile floor. Donut Land was cozy and warm. But Bill Bradley wanted to talk about insecurity.

"Yes, we've got a good economy right now," he said, pacing between the vinyl booths. "Things are good if you look at the big numbers. But there's a sense of insecurity, too, if you look at it in terms of your own lives. If you look at things a year from now, or the year after, things don't look quite so secure, do they?" Bradley is six-five, and the Iowans craned their necks upward as he passed among them, like a quiet prophet.

He ticked off what he as president could do to assuage their fears, which, truth to tell, there didn't seem to be a lot of, there in Donut Land, where everyone had a tummyful of donuts and the morning coffee was starting to kick in. But America needs more child care, Bradley said, and health care, and many more government loans so people can go to college whenever they feel the need.

"So those are the reasons I'm running," Bradley said. "But you know, there's something else." His voice, which was already soft, almost sleepy, grew softer. "I've been on the road in America for thirty years, as a basketball player, a politician, a writer, a businessman. And I've formed an idea in my mind about who we are. And basically I think we are a good people. There's goodness in each one of us, if we can see it in our neighbor. And if we can see it in our neighbor, that then allows us to have more connection. And if we have more connection, then we're less fearful." He paused. "Less lonely."

Several of the Iowans stared into their coffee cups, perhaps contemplating their loneliness, perhaps wondering about free refills. Bradley went on, slowly: "And then, with less loneliness, we can then begin to see the *whole*." He described a sphere with his enormous hands. "And when you see the whole, you see our collective possibilities. So that's the real reason I run."

He folded his arms and concluded his speech and there was polite applause when he'd finished. The Iowans shrugged on their parkas and made for the door, some of them stopping at the counter for a few more donuts-to-go. I talked with a middle-aged woman who told me she was a "Democratic activist."

"I've liked Senator Bradley for years," she said. "And I really liked what he said about . . . you know, our collective . . . whole. Seeing that." Then she laughed. "Just don't ask me what it is."

****

You can, if you put your mind to it, figure out a way that Al Gore will lose the Democratic presidential nomination. It takes some doing, but conventional wisdom never rests from its zig-zagging, and already those Americans who deeply care about the next presidential election—a group numbering in the high two figures and growing daily—are flirting with

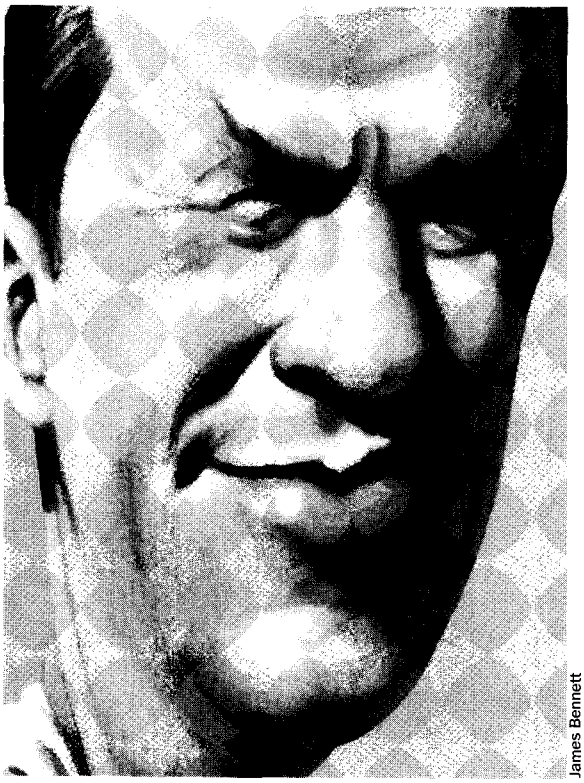
Andrew Ferguson is a senior editor of The Weekly Standard.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the idea that Gore is politically vulnerable. Among Democrats, the polls tell us, his name recognition stands at 100 percent, but fewer than 50 percent list him as their favored nominee. He is a comically inept campaigner and still carries the stench of the fund-raising scandals from the last presidential election. His relationship with traditional Democratic constituencies—black voters and labor, for example—is tenuous. The "front-loading" of the Democratic primaries, which crams most of the delegate-selection into a month-long period in early 2000, could allow a well-funded dark horse to emerge quickly if Gore wobbles in the New Hampshire primary or the Iowa caucuses. And so on.

There's only one problem with the Gore-is-vulnerable hypothesis: He needs an opponent.

In the abstract Bradley could be a formidable adversary. He has been a bona fide national celebrity since the 1960s, first as a college basketball all-star with Princeton, then as a forward for the two-time NBA champion New York Knicks, and finally, until his retirement in 1996, as a prominent three-term senator from New Jersey. In the Senate he prided himself on his command of complicated, not to say boring, issues: monetary exchange rates, South American debt consolidation, and tax reform. He has built a small but nationwide constituency of cult-like devotion, and he has access to the deep pockets of Wall Street and Hollywood; just last week, the Hollywood pashas Michael Eisner and Barry Diller hosted a gilded "get-acquainted" party for him in Los Angeles. He is an accomplished politician.


James Bennett

But he is also, to judge by his tour of Iowa last week, a listless and uninspired candidate, the Perry Como of the campaign trail. Whether he spoke to a gathering of Democratic activists in Keokuk County or a group of community college athletes in Ottumwa, it was easy to imagine him suddenly slipping to the floor and drifting off to sleep in mid-sentence. At the community college, whose basketball team won last year's national junior college championship, he was ushered into a private room to give a pep talk to the school's coaches.

After a brief reminiscence about the glory days of the Knicks, Bradley got down to the pep talk. There was little talk, and less pep.

BRADLEY: I've been walking around this decision, about running for president, for ten years. Now I'm saying, 'Give me the ball.'
COACHES: Great.
BRADLEY: Of course, it's a tremendous organizational job.
COACH: Yeah.
BRADLEY: It's gotta be done mostly by Iowans. Gotta raise a lotta money.
COACH: I bet.
[Silence.]
BRADLEY: So where's the tournament you play in?
COACH: Hutchison.
BRADLEY: Hutchison.
COACH: Yeah.
BRADLEY: [Silence.]
COACH: I remember that game where you scored, like, what, sixty points.
BRADLEY: Fifty-eight.
COACH: Right.
BRADLEY: [Silence.]
COACH: So, did you keep in touch with Red Holtzman?

It can be painful to watch, but of course he is just getting started on the trail, having only declared his candidacy a month ago. "He's an athlete," one Bradley aide said in Iowa. "He has to work up a sweat, and then he really performs."

He has other compensating advantages as well. He is an accomplished politician, as I say, and of a kind that the press finds irresistible. With few exceptions, you will search the establishment media in vain for a harsh or skeptical word about Bill Bradley. His appeal to journalists is less a matter of his moderately liberal ideology than it is of his persona: a man of ideas whose intelligence, learning, and sense of irony place him off to one side of the grubby world of politics—the anti-political politician. (He insists on calling himself a "citizen-politician," which gives you an idea of how carefully he nurtures the image.) Adlai Stevenson perfected the type, in the 1950s. Eugene McCarthy inherited the mantle in the '60s, as did, briefly, Bobby Kennedy (I mean the later, Aeschylus-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quoting Bobby, not the 1950s right-winger who asked Joe McCarthy to be the godfather of his first child). More recently we've had to endure Gary Hart and Mario Cuomo. By striking the occasional literary allusion, say, or inserting an obscure historical reference in the text of a speech, they suggested to their acolytes in the press and elsewhere the existence of a depthless inner life, an intellectual complexity unknown to lesser pols. Bradley is their heir: the thinking man's thinking man.

By the time he came to politics in 1978, with his first successful campaign for the New Jersey Senate seat, the persona was fully developed. While still at Princeton, at the age of 21, he was the subject of a hagiographic profile in the *New Yorker* by the great journalist John McPhee, later published in 1965 as a bestselling book, *A Sense of Where You Are*. McPhee's Bradley was a young athlete of preternatural goodness, modest, deliberate, and highly intelligent, a man on whom no natural gift was wasted. Following games on Saturday evening, McPhee wrote, Bradley would stay awake all night to study, then catch an hour's sleep before rising early to teach Sunday school at a Presbyterian church. To quote a passage almost at random: "'He is a source of inspiration to anyone who comes in contact with him,' one of his classmates says. 'You look at yourself and decide to do better.'"

Dick Cook, a childhood pal of Bradley from Crystal City, Missouri, where the two grew up, told me recently that their high school principal once announced to his students that Bradley would someday be president of the United States. "And no one ever doubted it," Cook said. The principal was the first to have the idea but not the last. During the 1964 NCAA tournament, a sports columnist for the *New York Post* wrote: "In twenty-five years or so our presidents are going to have to be better than ever. It's nice to know that Bill Bradley will be available."

Bradley is a private man, and reading *A Sense of Where You Are* it's not hard to see his reserve as a reaction against the incessant broadcasting of his own splendor from the time of his late adolescence onward. He seemed to delight in confounding expectations. After Princeton he rejected several lucrative offers from the NBA and chose instead to attend Oxford for two years on a Rhodes scholarship. Returning, he joined the Air Force Reserve. Only then did he consent to join the Knicks, for a hefty contract (he's been a wealthy man ever since).

The Knicks soon became the thinking man's basketball team, if you can imagine such a thing: a disciplined group of quick-witted play-makers who understood the essence of the game, forcing flashier opponents to fumble like unicerebral oafs. Their inflated reputation for higher thought inspired Joseph Epstein and Gerald Graff to write a timeless lampoon, published—treasonously!—in the *New Yorker* in the early '70s. Here's their description of a typical Knicks game: "Bill Bradley asked if anyone cared to join him in catching a double feature of Bergman's *Persona* and *Winter Light*. Phil Jackson, glancing up from his copy of *Cahiers du cinéma*, replied hell no, he'd seen his last Bergman film, and from now on he preferred to take his Kierkegaard straight."

Bradley's career in politics has provoked the same process of inflation—a mixture of his own real-enough intellectual gifts and his admirers' wishful thinking. This was easier to see in his later years in the Senate; the first half of his career was marked by genuine accomplishment. Over a four-year period in the early 1980s, he lobbied relentlessly to lower tax rates and close loopholes. His efforts resulted in the Tax Reform Act of 1986, a legislative miracle that has since been largely undone by the Bush and Clinton tax-rate increases in 1991 and 1993—both of which Bradley voted for. In the '80s he wasn't averse to ideological complication. He was, for example, far more skeptical of the Soviet Union's intentions under Mikhail Gorbachev than was either President Reagan or President Bush, and on one occasion he even voted for aid to the Nicaraguan contras, prompting horror among his fellow Democrats.

After a near-upset in his 1990 reelection, however, Bradley went to ground, and the list of his accomplishments trails off. Like most politicians of the current era, he is a habitual self-dramatizer, either by inclination or by political necessity. In his retelling, the close 1990 race stands as a "transformational experience" in his life. "I knew I had led with my mind," he said recently, "but you also have to lead through feeling. I became a politician much more willing to speak with my heart and more willing to lead with conviction—not that I hadn't done that earlier, but I had been more involved with my head and less with my feelings." It was not, to speak kindly, an improvement. From 1990 onward, he was much more likely to float into the airy abstractions that last week confounded the Iowans of Donut Land.

Abstractions and worse. The first significant act of the new, reborn Bradley was to take to the Senate floor in 1991 to deliver a long speech on American race relations.

Among the platitudes and the several self-testimonials to his own virtuous behavior in the matter of race, one passage stands out from the speech—Bradley's challenge to President Bush.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Mr. President, tell us how you have worked through the issue of race in your own life. I don't mean speechwriter abstractions, but your own life experiences. When did you realize there was a difference between the lives of black people and the lives of white people in America? Where did you ever experience or see discrimination? How did you feel? What did you do? . . . Tell each of us what we can do, why you think we can do it, why we must do it. Tell us, Mr. President. Put yourself on the line."

Unleashed from the tether of his head, Bradley's heart tends to lead him into pure sanctimony. And the speech, of course, was widely praised. In hindsight, it seems a forerunner of Bill Clinton's compulsively empathetic brand of politics, in which the soundness of ideas is a distant second in importance to the display of virtue, however artificial. But Bradley is much less promiscuous than the president in his displays, which suggests, of course, that the virtue is much less artificial too. Meeting with a group of students at an inner city junior high in Davenport last week, Bradley was expert and not at all condescending in drawing the children out for questions.

AFTER THE CAMERAS LEFT, BRADLEY TOOK THE BOY ASIDE. CLINTON WOULD HAVE SMOTHERED HIM IN KISSES—WHEN THE CAMERAS WERE ROLLING.

"If you were president," asked a girl, "what would you do if some people just threw their baby out a window?"

Bradley blanched and then said, "One thing I've learned is, the president can't do everything about everything bad that happens. If someone does something like that, then they have to be punished. And that's all."

Another girl asked, "What are you going to do about all these homeless when you're president?"

"I suppose we could try to build more housing," Bradley said. "But the government will never be able to build enough. We have to try to make the economy work better so more people have more money. That's the only way we'll fix that."

One boy told him he thought the school doors should be locked during school hours. "'Cause I get scared," he said.

What are the things that make you scared? Bradley asked.

The boy thought for a moment. "Just," he said, "just, you know, going outside. Walking down the street."

Bradley looked crestfallen and then very sad. After the TV cameras had left he took the boy aside for a private word. Clinton would have smothered him in kisses and tears—when the cameras were rolling.

In the realm of policy, though, the difference between Bradley and Clinton—and between Bradley and Gore—is harder to discern. Both Gore and Bradley are free-traders, for example, though Bradley's devotion to the free-trade faith seems more intense than the vice president's. When a union member at a UAW union hall in Burlington complained that the United States was losing jobs because of the North American Free Trade Agreement, Bradley defended NAFTA and gave a mini-lecture on the instability of international capital flows. (The member looked unconvinced.) As a senator he opposed the administration's welfare reform, which he worries will force mothers to abandon their children for the workplace, and on the campaign trail he dismisses Clinton's recent request for a higher defense budget as a political dodge.

"We can have a politics that sings," he likes to say. So far this is as programmatic as he is willing to get. A recent speech to Virginia Democrats was billed as his first major address of the campaign, and Bradley took the occasion to condemn cynics who say "the days of big ideas are over." But his only fresh policy idea was to turn local Democratic parties into "clearinghouses for service." "If you want to mentor a child, care for a senior, clean up your local environment, a citizen ought to be able to call Democratic headquarters and find out where he or she can go."

The speech did suggest the outlines of a critique that Bradley might expand as the campaign proceeds. Despite its electoral successes, Bradley told the Virginia Democrats, their party was in danger of becoming "obsessed with the mechanics of winning."

"We are not to be outdone in fund-raising or constant polling or effective 'spin,' and we have won some big elections," he said. "Compromise that offends no one and gives everyone something might help us win in the short term. But our party will cease to have any long-term meaning or content at all. If holding power is our greatest aspiration, we'll have broken a promise that we've made to ourselves and our country."

This is a clever dig at the cynicism of the Clinton-Gore administration—at least I think it is. You can't be sure, since even now Bradley scarcely condescends to mention either Clinton or Gore by name. "Political

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

principle is tart in many mouths," he said in Virginia, "but vagueness tastes like honey." Yes, it does.

Bradley staffers point out that the campaign is still young—the Iowa caucuses, after all, are a year away—and that even now the candidate is busy writing detailed position papers, consulting advisers, taking soundings among the voters so their needs and desires can shape his platform's bold ideas. At this early date, they say, there's no point in meeting the press's demand for specificity. "We're working on it," Bradley told me. "The campaign will build over time."

This is all plausible, of course, but you can't help but sense something else in Bradley's quiet, passionless campaign. You see it in his two books of memoirs, *Life on the Run* and *Time Present, Time Past*, which are to a large extent self-told morality tales about a virtuous man trying to accommodate himself, not always successfully, to a fallen world. You see it, too, in the speech he gave when he left the Senate—another widely praised address that in retrospect is excruciating to read.

"We live in a time when, on a basic level, politics is broken," Bradley said then. "Neither political party speaks to people where they live their lives. And both have moved away from my own concept of service and my own idea of what America can be."

"The imperative to engage the world flows through many channels," he went on. "The fight for justice occurs in many places. I will expand my dialogue with the American people." And then he quit.

"He is cursed by his virtue," Michael Lewis, one of Bradley's journalistic idolaters, once wrote. A high school coach put it even better: "I think Bradley's happiest whenever he can deny himself pleasure."

For such a man, losing can be a kind of vindication. Al Gore can be beat, but it would require the drawing of sharp distinctions, a plunge (ye gads) into "negative campaigning," a move away from the politics of the "collective whole" toward the politics of politics—all of which the thinking man's thinking man may find beneath his dignity. For the moment, at least, he is content to be this decade's heir to the tradition of Adlai and Gene and Gary—men of conviction and principle (we were told) who looked to create a new kind of politics, who embraced big ideas they could never quite express, who ran for president, and who lost. ♦

Good Old Reliable Nathan

Is He Kenneth Starr's Prey?

By Matt Labash

For all of Nathan Landow's admirable traits—his Democratic fund-raising prowess, his real-estate tycoon acumen, his apple-butter winter tan—he spends a great deal of time standing accused. Two decades ago, the *Washington Post* accused him of doing business with organized-crime figures. Two years ago, the Senate Governmental Affairs Committee accused him of being party to the "fleecing" of an impoverished Indian tribe along with Democratic operatives. Last year, the man who's raised over $600,000 for Clinton/Gore campaigns stood accused by Paula Jones's attorneys and others of trying to influence Kathleen Willey's testimony about her groping at the president's hands.

Among non-administration types, Landow is rivaled perhaps only by the president's lawyers for logging the most cameos in Clinton-scandal spectaculars. His name has surfaced on White House coffee lists, on Al Gore's fund-raising call sheets, and in an Al Hunt column that alleged he attempted to orchestrate a sweetheart real estate deal for the administration's pet convict, Webster Hubbell. Landow denied this, saying he barely knew Hubbell—a defense that would be more credible had the Hubbells not stayed

Matt Labash is a staff writer at The Weekly Standard.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at Landow's Maryland estate and had jailhouse tapes not captured Hubbell agreeing to his wife's plan to ask their friend for job-search assistance (Landow insisted her call never came).

With the impeachment over and Kenneth Starr supposedly fading, Landow, like other scandal fixtures, might have hoped his life would settle down. But a new development in an old scandal threatens to envelop him. At January's end, ABC News and the *Washington Post* reported that Nate Landow's personal attorney had hired a private investigator to investigate Kathleen Willey—during the period when Willey was a witness in the Paula Jones case.

ABC reported that the investigator, Jared Stern, hired in March 1998, was asked to secure Willey's phone records and to find out what medications she was taking (sources close to Stern say he was asked to do more than this, but they won't specify what). While Stern confirms his hiring and demurs on the particulars of the investigation, his lawyer says Stern was so uncomfortable about his assigned task that he called Willey using an alias and left a warning on her answering machine. Stern tells me cryptically that the call had "multiple objectives." He now has immunity from prosecution and has twice testified before the Starr grand jury. With that grand jury recently reconvened, sources say Landow's dealings with Kathleen Willey—one of last year's murkiest subplots—are near the top of Starr's list of unfinished business.

WHEN IT CAME TO KATHLEEN WILLEY, NATHAN LANDOW SEEMED POSSESSED OF A CLINTONIAN INABILITY TO KEEP HIS STORY STRAIGHT.

A financially strapped Richmond socialite and former White House volunteer, Kathleen Willey hadn't wanted to testify about what she alleged were unwelcome sexual advances by the president when she met him in the Oval Office to ask for a job. But shortly before *Newsweek* surfaced Willey in August 1997, Paula Jones's lawyers subpoenaed her, setting several events in motion. As Willey maneuvered to avoid being deposed, nervous Clinton lawyers courted her, hoping to keep her hostile to the Jones team. At one point, Willey's attorney said, Clinton lawyer Bob Bennett attempted to secure for Willey the services of criminal defense attorney Plato Cacheris (who later represented Monica Lewinsky).

But eventually, Willey became a cooperating witness before Starr's grand jury. As she testified in March 1998, she had been the object of an anonymous intimidation campaign the previous fall. Her tires had been punctured, her cat had gone missing, and two days before testifying in the Paula Jones case, she had been approached by a mysterious jogger who had alluded to the cat and the tires before mentioning her children by name. He had also asked whether she "got the message." When Jones's lawyers finally deposed Willey, they inquired whether anyone had encouraged her not to testify about her Clinton allegations. She said "no." But a few weeks later, she amended her deposition to read, "Nate Landow discussed my upcoming deposition testimony with me."

Landow had been introduced to Willey in 1994 by his daughter, Harolyn Cardozo, who served with Willey as a White House volunteer. Sources close to Landow say his daughter had hoped to set the two up romantically. Landow was recently divorced, and Willey's husband had killed himself—the very day of her Oval Office visit. Willey went to Landow's Eastern Shore estate on a few occasions, and her friends say that Landow pursued her, though she didn't reciprocate. Sources close to Landow have claimed theirs was "a normal male-female relationship," though Landow has denied they ever dated.

Reporters first took notice of Landow in February 1998. From the start, he seemed possessed of a Clintonian inability to keep his story straight. When first contacted by ABC news, Landow called Willey a "distant acquaintance" and claimed he hadn't even known she'd been subpoenaed by the Jones team until the reporter informed him. In mid-March, however, *Newsweek* revealed that Landow had chartered a plane to fly Willey to his estate the previous October. Willey's status was immediately upgraded: A statement by Landow's lawyers now called her "a social acquaintance and a friend of the family."

Around the same time, Landow, who had already denied knowing of Willey's Jones travails until four months after their October meeting, admitted to reporters that he had flown Willey out at her suggestion, because she was "distraught" and felt "harassed" by people "who were hounding her to testify." He had simply told her to "do what was right for her." (Willey has been publicly mum about her

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conversations with Landow, but sources with knowledge of her grand jury testimony say she insists that Landow initiated the contact and that he repeatedly pressed her not to testify against Clinton in the Jones case.)

Though Landow has denied that he attempted to influence Willey's testimony and that he worked with the White House to keep her from testifying, even his daughter, a vehement defender and a vice president in his company, has long since abandoned the initial claim that he didn't talk to Willey about her testimony. "I'd be very surprised if he didn't take the opportunity to offer his opinions, which he's well known for doing," says Harolyn Cardozo.

But worse for Landow is his newly outed private investigator, Jared Stern. Landow, it should be noted, vehemently denies Stern is *his* investigator at all. Landow's attorney, Joe Caldwell, says Stern's firm, Prudential Associates, of Rockville, Md., was hired by Saul Schwartzbach, Landow's personal attorney. Landow has insisted that Schwartzbach hired the firm without his knowledge to help put together a "chronology" of the Willey matter—never mind that Schwartzbach has been Landow's lawyer and friend for three decades, that their offices are on the same floor of the same building, and that Landow acquaintances say his children call Schwartzbach "Uncle Saul."

EVEN AFTER WILLEY HAD TESTIFIED AND GONE PUBLIC ON *60 MINUTES*, LANDOW HAD A REASON TO REACH OUT TO HER.

Stern was put on the case by Bob Miller, who headed Prudential Associates until his death last summer. Stern says Miller gave him the assignment during a conversation in a Rockville parking garage at night. "I remember exactly what I said," recalls Stern. "I said, 'Where is this coming from?' And [Miller] said, 'The White House.'" Stern makes clear *he* is not alleging that the White House hired him—simply that this is what his late boss told him. The White House denies the allegation.

Stern also makes clear he has never met or talked to Landow, who in turn denies knowledge of Stern's hiring. This, however, is a major point of contention. While Stern declines to say whether anyone told him Landow knew of his hiring, sources with knowledge of his grand jury testimony say Stern has asserted that both his boss and Schwartzbach told him Landow knew about it. Likewise, a source with intimate knowledge of the case says that last spring both Miller and Schwartzbach "vigorously" instructed Stern to destroy any records linking Prudential Associates to Landow and Schwartzbach. In addition, says the source, Stern has told investigators that his late boss specified that Landow wanted the records destroyed. If proven, this could be problematic for Landow, who at the time was under subpoena to produce any evidence regarding Kathleen Willey.

While both Landow and Schwartzbach decline interviews on the subject, Joe Caldwell, the attorney representing them, says, "I can assure you that neither Saul Schwartzbach nor Nathan Landow ever asked anyone connected to any detective agency to destroy records in connection with Kathleen Willey." Still, there is the matter of the investigation itself, and whether it was connected to a campaign of intimidation. Stern says that, although he personally was not the thuggish jogger (whose encounter with Willey took place two months before Stern was hired), he believes Willey's story on the basis of what he was asked to do.

Furthermore, a close inspection of the timeline reveals that even after Willey had testified and gone public on *60 Minutes*, Landow had a motive for reaching out to her. After Willey amended her Jones deposition to admit that Landow had conversed with her about her upcoming testimony, the Jones lawyers sought a second deposition to probe that very subject, and they secured the deposition date of April 4, 1998. That second appointment was not kept. As luck would have it, the Jones case was dismissed on April 1—one week after Stern's warning call to Willey.

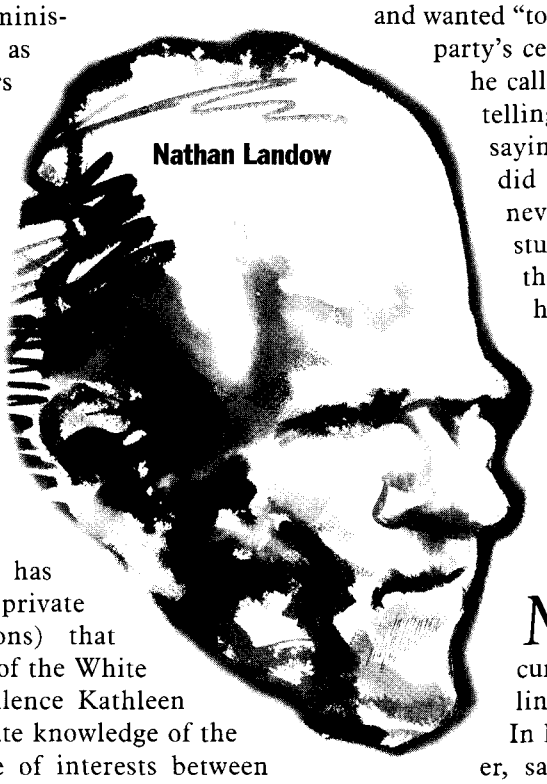
What further bodes ill for Landow is his own reaction to the matter. While he's maintained his absolute innocence to journalists, he's taken a different tack under oath. In front of both Starr's grand jury and House Judiciary Committee investigators, Landow pled his Fifth Amendment right against self-incrimination.

The White House has taken care to distance itself from Landow, with aides anonymously portraying him as an Al Gore lapdog more than a Clinton fixer. A longtime Gore loyalist, Landow was finance chairman of Gore's 1988 presidential run. When Gore hit Landow up for a $25,000 contribution during his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

infamous White House telemarketing campaign, Landow sent the money over in less than an hour. "Thanks!" Gore graciously declared in a note. "One hour is a record!" But Landow, once again straining credulity, told the *New York Post* he had no memory of the vice president's phone call.

Despite his Gorephilia, Landow is no friend of the administration, Clintonites claim. A *New York Times* account of a 1992 post-election celebration of Clinton aides had Rahm Emanuel driving a steak knife into the table as he declared Landow and other political enemies "dead" (Landow had backed Paul Tsongas before throwing his support to Clinton). But Landow's administration ties are not as distant as aides would have reporters believe. Landow carted around the back-nine with the president during Clinton's 1995 vacation in Jackson Hole. He has been business partners with Vernon Jordan. Vince Foster tried to decompress at Landow's estate over the final weekend of his life. And Landow's son-in-law, Michael Cardozo, headed Clinton's first legal-defense fund.



While no evidence has emerged (other than the private investigator's representations) that Landow served as an agent of the White House in the attempt to silence Kathleen Willey, a source with intimate knowledge of the case notes the convergence of interests between Landow, himself under Starr's magnifying glass for his contacts with Willey, and the White House. Asks the source, "Wouldn't it be perfect to use someone who had his own motives?"

Not helping to deflect suspicion is Landow's own modus operandi: No one will accuse him of having a light touch. During an interview last year with the *Washington Post*'s Peter Carlson—whose very purpose was to profile a man suspected of improperly influencing a witness—Landow twice offered the reporter the free use of his Aspen vacation home. During a 1980s dispute with National Institutes of Health tenants who rented a floor of a D.C. building that he owned, Landow was enjoined by the U.S. District Court from "harassing, verbally abusing, intimidating or threatening" the federal workers during the remaining years of their lease.

Kent Lemon

Landow has been known to counter inquiring reporters with blue-streak epithets. And as Maryland Democratic party chairman in 1992, Landow nearly began a wrestling match with then-governor William Donald Schaefer as they battled for the microphone to announce their state's tally at the Democratic National Convention.

Schaefer had tried to have Landow ousted as party chairman, for, among other things, his Pol Pot management style. During his three-year tenure in the post, newspapers quoted fellow Democrats charging Landow was a "bully," had "an ego problem," and wanted "to run the world." A veteran of the party's central committee said, "One day he called me, screaming and hollering, telling me I couldn't be trusted and saying he was gonna get me. 'What did I do?' I asked him. He would never even tell me. I was just stunned." Landow denied it, and by the time he moved on, he claimed he'd left the party much better than he'd found it, though his successor, on taking over, declared, "The first thing to do is an audit. . . . We don't know how much is fact and how much is fiction of Nate's."

Maybe Landow should be dismissed as just another mercurial mogul. But he has also been linked to more sinister storylines. In 1978, Landow, a big Carter booster, saw his expected ambassadorial nomination torpedoed after the *Washington Post* ran a lengthy exposé of his business association with three suspected organized-crime figures. A St. Maarten's hotel/casino deal Landow was contemplating had connections to Edward Cellini, an international gambling figure banned from Britain and the Bahamas because he'd operated Meyer Lansky's Cuban casinos. Landow later told the *Miami Herald* he knew Cellini only as "some hotel owner in the islands."

On the same project, Landow enlisted ski buddy Lester Matz, the Maryland construction engineer who admitted paying kickbacks to Spiro Agnew. In the early '70s, Florida law enforcement authorities reported that Anthony Plate, the Gambinos' man in Miami, was believed to have a 25 percent investment

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a masonry firm of which Landow was listed as vice president and director.

But the *Post* article centered on Landow's connection to Joe Nesline, a "consultant" to Landow on an Atlantic City hotel/casino project that never came about. Nesline was an international gambling figure with Genovese family connections and an arrest record spanning 40 years. His association with Landow came to light in 1978 after an FBI raid on his apartment—which he rented from Landow. Landow claimed not to know of Nesline's reputation. In 1980 he told the *Miami Herald* that theirs was "nothing more than a normal landlord-tenant relationship." He appeared, however, to have forgotten he had told the *Post* two years earlier that Nesline paid his rent in cash, that Nesline had arranged for Landow's parents to take a free trip to Las Vegas and Yugoslavia (where Nesline owned a casino), and that the IRS had quizzed Landow about Nesline six or seven years prior to the raid. Though several agencies investigated, Landow was never charged with a crime. He represented the whole business association with the suspected mobster as a mistake—a mistake for which his lawyer, Saul Schwartzbach, assumed blame.

THE TRIBE KEPT NEGOTIATING WITH LANDOW, ASSURED THAT THE MAN WHO BRAGGED OF HIS WHITE HOUSE TIES COULD WIN THEIR CLAIM.

While that saga is ancient history, an episode from the recent past has commanded the attention of Starr's investigators. Fred Thompson's Senate report on fund-raising abuses in the 1996 campaign called it one of "the most sordid" of the DNC's shakedowns. During the campaign, Oklahoma's Cheyenne and Arapaho tribe forked over $107,000 to the DNC in hopes of getting back 7,500 acres of land the government seized from them in the nineteenth century. Though the contribution depleted the welfare fund of a tribe with an average annual income of $6,000, it earned tribal representatives a lunch date with Clinton and not much else. So the Cheyenne and Arapaho enlisted Democratic operative Mike Copperthite, who took them to Landow in hopes of trading on the latter's administration access.

Landow touted his White House connections and those of his friend Peter Knight, a Washington lobbyist and Clinton/Gore '96 campaign manager. Landow negotiated with the tribe for an upfront $100,000 payment to Knight's firm, to be followed by a $10,000 monthly retainer. Landow's cut was a hefty 10 percent of any settlement price for development of the land, plus 10 percent of the land's revenue from oil and gas extraction.

While the tribe thought that a bit steep, its representatives kept negotiating with Landow, assured that the man who bragged of smoking Cuban cigars at the White House could win their claim. But when they met with him in 1997, they left their tribal chairman at home, and Landow became incensed. According to the Thompson report, both Copperthite and the tribe's attorney, Rick Grellnar, recounted "an abusive, profanity-strewn tirade from Landow, one Copperthite described as 'Teamsteresque.'" Grellnar says Landow went so far as to ridicule the way he was dressed. Grellnar summed up the experience as being "like Bugsy Siegel [putting] your head in a vice. Had there not been a table between us, we felt like we were gonna get hit or something."

Landow denied under oath threatening his potential clients. But Copperthite, also under oath, said Landow made clear if they failed to agree to his terms, he'd make sure they never secured their land, promising, "If you don't do this deal, I will f— you." Grellnar corroborates this account. Further, Copperthite testified that when the *Washington Post* was about to break this story, Landow called him and "dictated to me what I was to say" to the paper, wanting to "make sure that we were both on the same page" if the FBI came investigating. Landow has denied this, and in fact, after the story broke, he seemed almost contrite. He felt "kind of sorry" for the Cheyenne and Arapaho, he said, and other Democrats who solicited money "are the ones who ought to really be taken to task. . . . [The tribe] was snookered." By last fall, however, Landow again lost track of his own narrative when he told PBS's *Frontline*, "They want the land given back to them on a platter. They brought in innocent people like me. They're a bunch of goddamn uneducated Indians."

Though sources interviewed by Starr's office say such contradictions have kept the independent counsel interested, Landow has yet to be indicted. His lawyer, like all good lawyers, predicts he never will be, and he himself remains cocksure. As he reminded *Newsweek*, in response to sources' claims that he had told Willey it would be "better" if her story never came out, "You've got no goddamn proof of anything, other than what I've told you." ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade with China—Some Simple Rules

By Greg Mastel

Zhu Rongji, premier of China, will visit Washington in April. As preparations go forward in both countries, some officials are expressing the hope that the visit will complete the more than decade-long negotiations over China's accession to the world trading system. China's membership in the World Trade Organization (WTO) holds out some promise for both sides, but there are real risks to going forward with a quick, politically driven deal that fails to solve the problems that have kept the Chinese out for so long.

Zhu and his followers seem to have a true commitment to market reform. For them, China's entry into the trade group would amount to recognition of how far their country has come on the path of economic reform; it would also give China new international prestige and some protection from trade retaliation by the United States and other countries. In addition, membership would help Zhu resist anti-market pressures at home. With a new round of trade negotiations and a U.S. presidential campaign about to begin, Zhu probably calculates that if China does not join soon, events will keep it out for several more years.

American advocates of China's membership also have strong arguments: If the Chinese could be made to live under WTO rules, they would be more reliable trade and investment partners. Locking China onto the path of true market reform not only would strengthen the foundations of U.S.-China relations but would give the Clinton administration a tremendous diplomatic victory.

It is important, however, to temper the enthusiasm for China's entry into the WTO. Membership for China has not materialized because the United States has rightly sought to ensure that it take place only under commercially viable terms, which China has been unwilling to meet. To break the deadlock, some in the administration seem prepared to substantially soften the U.S. position and allow China to join now and phase-in WTO discipline over a long period, perhaps even one without a fixed endpoint. Such a political compromise would substantially undermine U.S. commercial interests, essentially lock in the existing billion-dollar-a-week trade deficit with China, and threaten the world trading system.

To understand why a quick political deal to bring China into the organization is not in the best interest of the United States or the world, it is first important to understand the WTO. Although China apparently perceives it as such, the World Trade Organization is not a simple trading club or a United Nations for trade. It is a complex agreement that sets detailed requirements regarding tariffs, intellectual property, investment, and subsidies—essentially a set of rules for running a market economy.

The fundamental problem is that China is neither a rules-based country nor a market economy. In recent years, Chinese leaders have spoken frequently about the need for a stronger rule of law. The former head of the National People's Congress, Qiao Shi, was fond of saying, "China is a country of strong leaders, not strong laws." Nevertheless, the primary result seems to be a series of anti-corruption campaigns targeted at officials without political connections.

China's weak rule of law is widely seen as a barrier to political reform, notably to dissidents' injecting their views into Chinese society. But it also raises questions about China's ability to meet the requirements of the WTO, an organization premised on its members' ability and willingness to change their behavior in accordance with its rules.

Thus, in bilateral agreements, Beijing's record of compliance has been mixed at best. In 1992, China and the United States struck an accord under which China adopted a legal standard of protection for intellectual property matching that of most Western countries. Unfortunately, little changed on the ground. In fact, piracy of computer programs, movies, music, and other products dramatically increased, and China became a major exporter of pirated products. Seven years later, the United States has twice been on the verge of imposing trade sanctions on China for not enforcing its own laws. Despite a few high profile crackdowns, no credible

Greg Mastel is vice president and director of studies at the Economic Strategy Institute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

observer would deny that piracy still runs rampant there.

And problems have not been limited to intellectual property. Again in 1992, the United States and China concluded a sweeping agreement liberalizing trade on a wide array of products and eliminating a number of Chinese trade barriers such as import licenses. Six years later, the results of the agreement are still debatable. In its annual listing of trade barriers, the Clinton administration includes a number of violations of the agreement: China's pledge to eliminate requirements substituting domestic products for imports is openly ignored in the auto and pharmaceutical industries. Similar import substitutions have been imposed by bureaucrats in sectors ranging from electronics to fiber-optic cable. China has not met its promises to make its procurement process transparent. Import licenses on many products have been replaced with suspiciously similar import registration requirements. And many Western firms have had difficulty enforcing contracts and commitments from China's central and provincial governments.

If simple bilateral commitments to phase out import substitution cannot be relied on, what hope is there of enforcing complex agreements in areas like telecommunications and financial services? Since China's bureaucracies do not operate through transparent processes, how could the trade group's other members hope to press their case in front of WTO dispute settlement panels without documentation and in the face of likely Chinese denials? And given its record of using retaliatory threats to get its way on issues from human rights to sea lanes, what assurance is there that it would obey the organization's rulings?

A similar problem arises on China's adherence to the trade group's basic commitment to market economics. About 30 percent of China's economy is tied directly to state-owned enterprises, and beyond that there is a large gray area, including state-private joint ventures, ventures of local and regional governments, and ventures owned by government officials. Further, China's planners are still busily turning out industrial plans that violate both the WTO and other existing arrangements.

Although China has undertaken important market reforms (and perhaps WTO membership would stimulate greater reform), the political future of Zhu's reformer faction is far from certain. It is possible that rivals within the central or provincial governments could take China in a new direction or that Zhu's commitment to reform may wobble, particularly in the face of a recession. Thus, it is likely China would use membership to shield itself from sanctions by its trading partners—it would continue to adopt market reform only in certain sectors, relying on the institutional weaknesses in WTO enforcement. It is also possible that membership would allow the anti-market opposition to drag its feet, free from the threat of meaningful trade sanctions.

12 Good Reasons Why The Time Is Now...

No longer can we: **1.** Trust our government to do the right thing. **2.** Pay corporations to distort the truth. **3.** Trust producers of consumer goods not to endanger us, our planet and our children. **4.** Deny our knowing yet struggle to specialize. **5.** Trust in the practice of medicine to be honest, enlightening and accountable. **6.** Trust our elected officials to tell us the truth. **7.** Burden the accountable, provide benefits and privileges to the opportunistic and breed dependence. **8.** Allow courts of law to operate void of responsible jurisprudence. **9.** Freely exercise our right (not privilege) to congregate and worship. **10.** Trust parents [illegible] **11.** Trade our children's li[illegible]

Still Now!

Employment & Work
Estate Planning
Off Shore Strategies
Social Security
Survival Y2K
Taxes
Trusts

The Time Is Now Institute
Since 1979

Home | We Are | Programs | Research | Consult | News

Visit our website @ www.thetimeisnow.org,
contact us at 1-888-WE-PEOPLE, or see us at
Whole Life Expo • Baltimore, Maryland • Saturday March 20, 1999, 2:00 p.m.
Social Security: "The Way Out"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If China were able to join the WTO and largely ignore its terms, the credibility of the organization would be undermined. Worse, a terrible precedent would be set for the accession of a number of other major countries, notably Russia—soon to follow China into the trade organization. The final result of such an ill-advised move may be a rise in global protectionism or even destruction of the global trading system.

It is still conceivable that an admission process in the interest of the United States, China, and the rest of the world can be established. But any reasonable agreement must include commercially viable terms, including a Chinese commitment to accept all WTO disciplines over a fixed staging schedule to be completed by an agreed upon date. Beyond that, three innovative elements could be woven together to forge a meaningful, enforceable accession agreement.

IF CHINA WERE ABLE TO JOIN THE WTO AND IGNORE ITS TERMS, A TERRIBLE PRECEDENT WOULD BE SET FOR OTHER MAJOR COUNTRIES, NOTABLY RUSSIA.

Experience has demonstrated that lowering formal trade barriers, like tariffs and import licenses, is not enough to guarantee meaningful market access. On the other hand, this type of access is not possible without lowering those barriers. There is speculation that China may be willing to make some concessions, from telecommunications to agriculture, that are of value to the United States. Although this is still speculative, it is worthwhile to get as much as possible in commitments in these areas from China. If Zhu's visit to the United States provides an opportunity to do that, it should be seized. At the very least, an enforceable commitment from China not to raise new barriers should be demanded as the price of continuing negotiations.

Meaningful market access, however, will require more than a series of tariff concessions. In the past, market access targets—agreed upon purchases of imports—have been used to ensure that concessions result in real increases in imports. Such targets were put into WTO accession agreements for two non-market economies, Poland and Romania.

Import targets are a tried and true method of ensuring that countries actually implement the trade promises they make upon WTO entry. Particularly in sectors closed to imports, such as agriculture, electronics, and telecommunications, market share or import targets are an effective approach to ensuring that China actually fulfills its commitments.

Another concept discussed in past accession agreements with non-market economies is the "general safeguard." This measure would allow the United States or other WTO members to impose sanctions if they felt China was not living up to the promises it made in its accession agreement. As the United States has learned, trade sanctions are never easy to impose and always have political and economic costs. The existence of the general safeguard would keep the threat of bilateral trade sanctions against China viable—at least during a transition period. U.S. negotiators should ensure that the general safeguard, included in early drafts, remains in the final agreement.

Given past problems with enforcing agreements, special emphasis should be given to this topic in an accession agreement with China. A WTO review of that country's adherence to the terms of its accession agreement should be completed during the phase-in period of WTO discipline. At home, the United States should complete an annual review of China's participation. If China is found to be violating any of the conditions, the general safeguard should be employed to withdraw appropriate benefits.

China will no doubt vigorously oppose the inclusion of the safeguard and market access targets in its WTO accession agreement. Naturally, it would prefer the kind of standard accession arrangement negotiated with market economies, but China simply lacks the legal structure and market orientation that would make such an agreement meaningful. The only way to marry China to the WTO in a manner consistent with long-term American interests is to adopt some of the innovative devices discussed here. Otherwise, as the United States learned from previous bilateral agreements, a series of tariff concessions from China are unlikely to be worth even the paper they are written on.

A quick, diplomatic deal on China's induction might make for a successful visit by Zhu, but it would certainly undermine U.S. commercial interests, weaken the WTO, and sow the seeds for serious problems in the long term. Congress and other interested parties should insist that the right kind of agreement be concluded or that no agreement be concluded at all. The potential opportunity afforded by China's entry into the World Trade Organization is too significant to be sacrificed for short-term political gain. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BENEFITS OF THE JOURNAL BEGIN IMMEDIATELY.

BUSINESS NEWS YOU CAN USE WITH CONFIDENCE EVERY BUSINESS DAY.

The Wall Street Journal, the world's most trusted source of news and business information, is ready to work for you every business day. To help you make better decisions. More confident decisions. Whatever area of business you're involved in – from marketing and management to technology and finance – you'll find The Wall Street Journal indispensable to your business and personal success.

Free Personal Finance Guide With "Decision Maker" Software!

The Wall Street Journal Guide to Understanding Personal Finance is what managing money is all about. This remarkable 176-page reference book gives you sound advice and information on the best ways to handle everything from buying a car and financing a home to investing for college and planning for your future. The guide and its easy-to-use software retail for $18.95 but they're yours FREE with your paid subscription to the Journal.

Take advantage of this great offer! Get 13 weeks of The Wall Street Journal and the valuable Personal Finance Guide and software – all for only $49! Mail the coupon now. Or call toll-free 800-582-7700.

FREE PERSONAL FINANCE GUIDE AND COMPANION DISK.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.
228 East 45th Street, Suite 1515
New York, NY 10017

Send me:
❑ 13 weeks for $49. ❑ 26 weeks for $89.

Send my FREE Guide with disk for:
❑ Windows ❑ Mac.
(For new paid subscribers only.)

❑ Check enclosed ❑ Bill me
(Payable to The Wall Street Journal.)

Charge to:
❑ AmEx ❑ Diners Club ❑ Discover ❑ MC ❑ Visa

Card No. Expires

Signature

Name (please print)

Address Suite/Apt

City

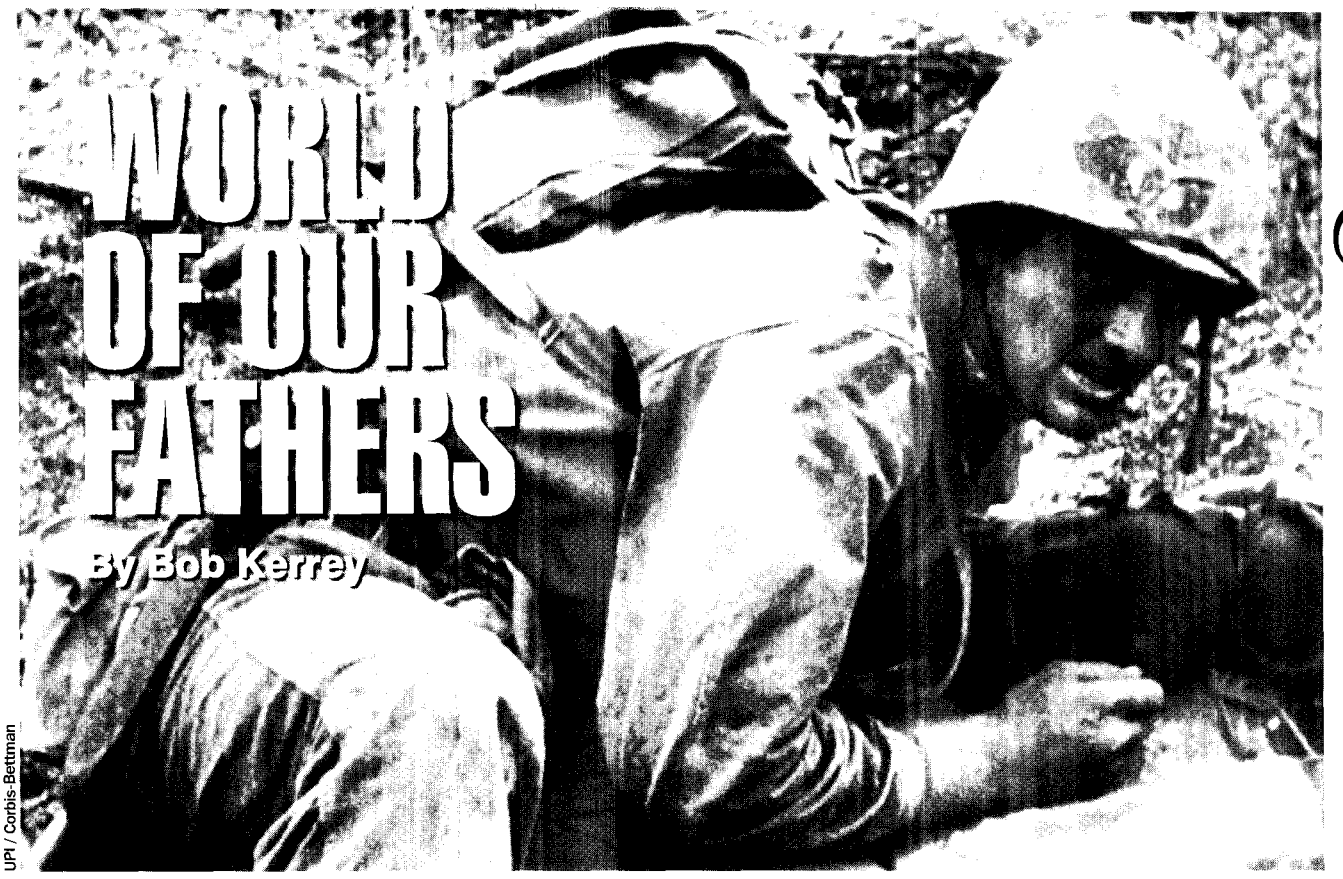
State Zip

Limited time offer – good in continental U.S. only
©1998 Dow Jones & Company, Inc. All rights reserved

1WKSTD/3UATW

DOWJONES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WORLD OF OUR FATHERS

By Bob Kerrey

UPI / Corbis-Bettman

Anyone whose parents belonged to the generation that Tom Brokaw chronicles in *The Greatest Generation* has heard many times a phrase about the struggles they faced: "You kids don't know what it was like."

They're right. We don't. And the newscaster Tom Brokaw reminds us why we don't have to: The Americans he rightly calls the greatest generation not only prevailed against extraordinary odds and by extraordinary sacrifices, but built a nation strong enough to spare their children and generations to come similar struggles. Our generation doesn't "know what it was like" because their generation did know what it was like—and made sure we wouldn't.

Brokaw's new collection of essays about these exceptional people is an antidote to three poisons that can corrode America's memory—and thereby its capacity for greatness.

The first is the sanitizing of sacrifice. The epic struggle of that generation is often stored in a rose-colored display case that romanticizes the profound human suffering that was the cost of their triumphs. In American popular culture, the classic image of World War II is the homecoming GI kissing his bride in Times Square, not the carnage on Omaha Beach or the slaughter in the Mariana Islands. Yet the cost of the victory was real, a price exacted in human suffering of which Brokaw painstakingly reminds us. On the home front, for those of us who have never known the combination of emptiness and anxiety that strikes the stomachs of people who have to worry about the source of their next meal, Brokaw brings to vivid reality the life of those who survived the Depression before winning the war.

TOM BROKAW
The Greatest Generation
Random House, 412 pp., $24.95

The second poison to which Brokaw provides an antidote is a crippling cynicism about our capacity to achieve great things. Brokaw writes movingly of his experiences covering the fortieth and fiftieth anniversaries of D-Day for NBC. On the second occasion, while Brokaw was in Normandy, I was in Nebraska at a commemoration of the same event. I struggled without success to hold back tears as veterans of the invasion described in harrowing detail the sound of bullets spraying across the water in front of them and ripping through flesh. They told of their landing craft racing across the English Channel amidst those sounds and of the decision they faced: whether at that vital moment for humanity to open the hatches and race forward into what must have seemed like certain death. They did, and humanity was saved.

But Brokaw attaches names and faces and human lives to that sterile pronoun "they." Sam Gibbons did. Gordon Larsen did, island-hopping in the Pacific campaign. Bob Bush did on Okinawa. Mark Hatfield did on Iwo Jima. And they told their tales to Brokaw first-hand.

Others couldn't. Raymond Russell Kelley, killed in France. Camille Gagne, killed at the Rhine River, whose wife Jeanette reminds us of victory's price: "When the war was over everyone was honking their horns and yelling . . . I couldn't really join," she says. "My heart wasn't in it."

Those of us who have lived through combat will recognize in these stories the true price of war. Veterans of that

J. Robert Kerrey is the senior U.S. senator from Nebraska and holds the Congressional Medal of Honor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photos: Random House

American nurses at Anzio, 1944.

generation do not boast of their exploits at war—because they have a deep humility, yes, but also, I suspect, because their scars are deep and their pain is intensely, intimately private.

My father served in the Pacific during the war. His brother was killed there, one of the 50 million consumed by the conflagration. But I did not even know that his brother had existed until, at age ten, I found a chest of his belongings. And when I asked my father about them, I was rebuffed with a face of anger and regret I will never forget. We did not talk about war on that day. We did not talk about war on the day I left to fight in my own. We never talked about war—until my father was on his deathbed and I was running for the Senate.

Brokaw has drawn from the reservoir of painful memories as much as his subjects were willing to yield, and we are the better for it. It was not possible to hear those stories at the commemoration in Nebraska—just as it is not possible to read *The Greatest Generation*—and remain a cynic. The men and women of that generation sowed the seeds of a lasting national confidence. A nation capable of producing such men and such women is capable of producing anything—if it is willing to pay the price.

The third potential poison to which Brokaw provides an antidote is the one most important for me personally, and perhaps the one most important to the entire nation: the belief that the only heroism worth honoring occurs on the battlefield.

The Greatest Generation reminds us that heroism and courage are not byproducts of war alone, but of daily life as well, of the unnoticed decisions and actions taken when the cameras are not clicking. Americans today too lazily believe that heroes are forged only in the blazing crucible of war, rather than—as is just as often the case—in the sunshine of opportunity or the cold, hard struggles at home.

Here are Brokaw's heroes: Dorothy Haener, who worked at a Ford plant producing B-24 bombers. She was fired when the war ended and the company decided to give the jobs for which the women were hired to returning servicemen instead. She became a union organizer and bore the sacrifices of a battle to make the labor union hospitable to women. Another is Charles Van Gorder, a surgeon whose heroism in setting up medical facilities in the middle of the D-Day fighting was followed on his return home by heroism in forgoing a lucrative New York surgery fellowship in favor of building a clinic in Andrews, North Carolina.

Brokaw shows us the patriotism produced by the war, but these and other characters remind me of another kind of patriotism, too. It is one that I discovered myself, in my journey from a blind patriotism to a feeling of betrayal and bitterness, and back to an overpowering love of this country.

Brokaw and I are children of the greatest generation and from the same region of America's heartland: he from Yankton, South Dakota, and I from Lincoln, Nebraska. I was raised with an instinctive patriotism. Our parents' generation returned home proud and patriotic, and they had earned it. They had quite literally saved the world, and I saluted the flag when it came by. It was 1989 before I met my first living

10th Mountain Division, 1945 (Bob Dole is in the third row, far left).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communist, but I considered communism a threat and I was prepared to do my duty to fight it. I never doubted the rightness of my country and its leaders.

In 1965, I got a letter in the mail from a government agency offering me a free physical examination. I passed, volunteered for the Navy and then for underwater demolition training. By the time I arrived in Vietnam, my self-image was of the gallant warrior riding off to save his country. When I was shipped back on a stretcher facing the loss of a limb—and more important, having already experienced the loss of innocence—my world collapsed. I couldn't walk, couldn't leave my bed, couldn't go to the bathroom without asking others for help.

As I recovered, I learned about my war. The war fought by my father seemed a national passion waged with moral clarity. Mine seemed waged on political lies that extinguished the patriotic love that had burned in my heart.

In time, two things changed my view. The first was that my country saved my life. The hospital where I recovered, the doctors who worked on me, the nurses whose hands on my shoulder comforted me through the worst nights, were all there thanks to a law passed because this was the kind of country my fellow citizens wanted to build: a place where someone like me, who had never made a contribution to a politician, deserved to have his life saved. The second was that in time—though I still considered my war a terrible mistake—I came to understand the bravery of young men and women willing to risk everything they had for the freedom of people they did not know.

These discoveries melted into a patriotism of choice based on my own conscience rather than others' commands and a love of country that exceeded any I had ever felt before.

That is the patriotism Tom Brokaw has unearthed in *The Greatest Generation*. It is the patriotism of Sam Gibbons, who parachuted behind the D-Day lines to fight for freedom and then returned home to dedicate his life to the freedom of others. It is the patriotism of Dorothy Haener, who helped win the war abroad and then risked discomfort and criticism to fight for justice at home. And it is the patriotism of Dr. Charles Van Gorder, who risked his life to save others' abroad and then decided to forgo the rich future that was his due to save lives in relative obscurity in the mountains of North Carolina.

Joseph Brodsky, the expatriate Russian poet, defined decadence as forgetting what we have the capacity to remember. Tom Brokaw's accomplishment is to make us remember both that the sacrifices made by the greatest generation were great and that they were so numerous and so frequent it is impossible to know them all. Anyone who has seen the field of white crosses at the American military cemetery in Normandy knows these are sacrifices drenched in anonymity. At home, the Depression—and then the era of prosperity that the greatest generation seized to build a nation—were so pervasive that individual glory disappears in the bright glow of events.

Brokaw has pulled these everyday episodes of heroism out of anonymity and given them names. In giving them names, he gives us the remembrance of a patriotism they created but we can harness.

That is the greatest gift the greatest generation has to offer us, the kids who didn't know what it was like. ♦

DOING JUSTICE

Clarence Thomas at the Supreme Court

By Jeremy Rabkin

SCOTT DOUGLAS GERBER
First Principles
The Jurisprudence of Clarence Thomas
New York University Press, 336 pp., $30

Clarence Thomas understands "the politics of personal destruction." After President Bush nominated him to succeed Thurgood Marshall on the Supreme Court, liberals threw a fit. With no evidence of felonious conduct from a special prosecutor, Thomas's opponents had to make the most of a single he-said/she-said dispute about an alleged episode of naughty language in the workplace a decade earlier. But joined with an incredible torrent of personal vilification, it almost succeeded. Back in the "kinder, gentler" world of 1991, Thomas ended up with nearly as many senators voting to exclude him from the Supreme Court as recently voted to remove President Clinton from the White House.

The virtue of Scott Gerber's new study, *First Principles*, is that it puts in better perspective Thomas's whole career. Gerber has a Ph.D. in political science as well as a law degree, and on the whole, the plodding research methods of the former graduate student prevail in his book over the argumentative instincts of the lawyer. The bulk of *First Principles* is devoted to a case-by-case survey of Thomas's opinions in his first five years on the Supreme Court, allowing contemporary critics and supporters of these opinions to have their say, beside Gerber's own (usually quite measured) judgments.

But Gerber has sense enough to realize that an analysis of Thomas's performance on the Court—especially one that tries as well to review the commentary of journalists and scholars on that performance—cannot altogether abstract from the political context. "Polarized" and "controversial" do not capture the atmosphere in which Thomas has had to find his footing; "hate-filled" would be more apt.

Jeremy Rabkin teaches constitutional law at Cornell University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

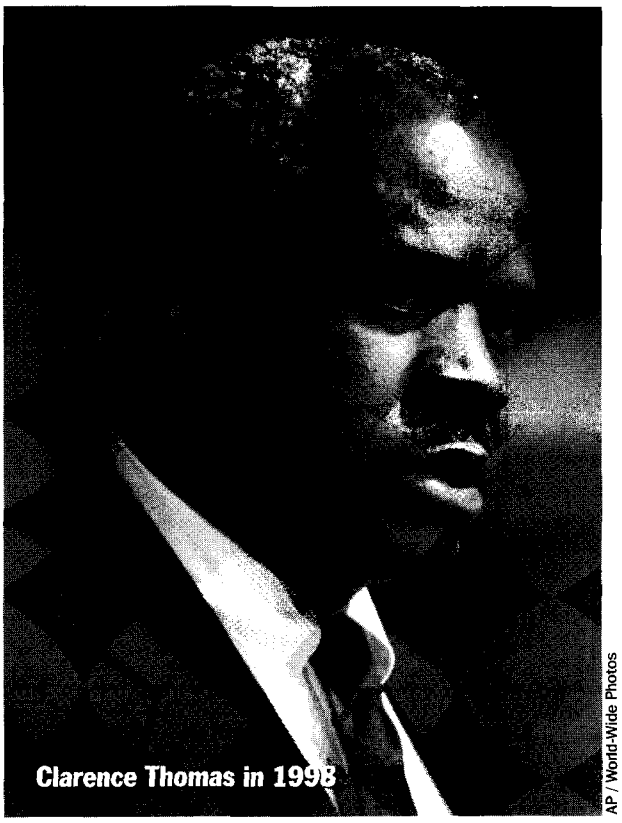
Certainly, today's dispensation—of "putting it behind us" and "moving on" after a Senate vote—was not afforded him. Years after his confirmation, critics were still trying to prove that Anita Hill had told the truth in her charges against Thomas and that the man was therefore a harasser as well as a liar.

Subsequent "legal" commentary, purporting to analyze Thomas's legal opinions, continues to paint him as exceptionally despicable. Leon Higginbotham, a former federal appellate judge, denounced Thomas as the "moral equivalent" of the nineteenth-century justices who gave constitutional sanction to slavery and segregation. *Time* magazine published an essay castigating Thomas as the purveyor of "Uncle Tom Justice." And these were the more respectable accounts. *Emerge*, an African-American magazine aimed at a popular audience, caricatured Thomas on its cover as a grinning lawn jockey under the headline, "Uncle Thomas: Lawn Jockey of the Far Right."

One law professor wrote an attack on Thomas so nasty and ad hominem that it was rejected by the leftist scholar Randall Kennedy for his journal, *Reconstruction*. Among other things, the article speculated that Thomas had voted to overturn the conviction of a man charged with illegally purchasing child pornography because Thomas himself was an avid consumer of pornography. We know about this (as Gerber documents) because what was too nasty for a left-leaning opinion journal devoted to "robust, wide-open debate" was deemed quite suitable for an article in the *New York Times* (masquerading as a "news story" about Kennedy's refusal to publish the attack). But then the *Times*, in its own editorial voice, had already denounced Thomas as "the youngest, cruelest justice" for disregarding the newspaper's editorial line on what constitutes cruel and unusual punishment.

It would take a more acute and imaginative analyst than Scott Gerber to explain why all these champions of tolerance and equality were driven to such frenzied attacks on Clarence Thomas. Gerber is content simply to survey the commentary and inform the reader that the reactions of critics he identifies as "liberals" parallel those critics' political objections to Thomas's rulings.

The most charitable interpretation is that, having failed to keep Thomas off the Court, liberals have sought to isolate and delegitimize him through a calculated campaign of personal abuse. They did this (one might charitably suppose) because Justice Thomas, as a highly visible and articulate black man with conservative views, threatened to discredit the premise of liberal racialist rhetoric—which declares that anyone who "knows what it is like to be black" must support liberal policies.


Clarence Thomas in 1998

AP / World-Wide Photos

Less charitably, one might conclude that many of Thomas's critics actually believe that skin color determines political belief and therefore really do believe that Thomas's conservative rulings are a conscious fraud or an angry reaction to his confirmation experience.

This latter interpretation has certainly been on offer from respectable legal journalists. Jeffrey Toobin's profile in the *New Yorker* portrayed Thomas (in Gerber's summary) as "a vindictive and possibly disturbed individual" whose Court rulings were "driven by deep anger, rather than by reason." Jeffrey Rosen chimed in at the *New Republic* with the claim that "Thomas's own voice—radical, angry, interestingly perverse"—was deployed in one opinion after another "for the sole purpose of sticking it to his familiar opponents—the liberals, the interest groups, Congress."

Gerber shows that such convenient analyses proceed in blithe disregard of basic facts. Nothing in Thomas's background should have left anyone surprised about his conservative tendencies. Thomas specialized in tax law at Yale Law School in the early 1970s, went to work for a Republican state attorney general (in conservative Missouri), then practiced business law at one of the nation's largest chemical companies. President Reagan put Thomas in charge of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission because he was already known to be critical of affirmative action and of the excesses of government regulation. Gerber brings out another point (from Thomas's own speeches): Thomas's grandfather, who reared him in a small town in rural Georgia, was an uneducated black man who made his way amidst the racism of the Old South with his own small business (delivering wood, then coal, then oil) and brought up Thomas to respect self-reliance and distrust the "help" offered by meddling government officials.

But whatever may explain the impulses of his haters, Thomas's tenure on the Supreme Court remains remarkable. Not even his initial supporters

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were quite prepared for the boldness and originality of his jurisprudence. Gerber documents how mistaken was the early charge that Thomas was simply a loyal puppy, following at the heels of his conservative mentors, Chief Justice William Rehnquist and Justice Antonin Scalia. As a matter of fact, Thomas has proved more conservative than either Rehnquist or Scalia, as Gerber demonstrates by tabulating votes on major issues.

Conservative votes, however, are the least of it. Throughout his opinions, in a string of major decisions, Thomas has developed arguments not heard at the Supreme Court in decades—and some that have never been articulated before in such sharp and confident lines. Thomas has very much his own approach. Even when he reaches the same conclusion as Scalia and Rehnquist, he often has a distinctive way of getting there. Scalia and Rehnquist try to ground their arguments in historical documentation of "original intent" or in appeals to "unbroken traditions." Thomas keeps reaching for the underlying principle—in effect, reaching for what the Founders would have said, if they had to use their principles to address today's issues.

Thomas does seem, in this sense, to share some of the impatience voiced by liberals with the positivist orientation of Rehnquist, Scalia, and Judge Robert Bork. These conservative legal thinkers are always eager to retreat to the line that the law is the law because it *is* the law—and those who don't like it should either amend the Constitution or learn to live with it. This has the appeal of cutting off some interpretive manipulation. But in resting the authority of the Constitution on the fact that the state ratifying conventions made it binding law, this approach invites the unhappy conclusion that constitutional law can be arbitrary or unjust and still be every bit the law. Thomas, by contrast, often treats the Constitution as the outcome of the Framers' effort to articulate standards whose authority derives, at least in part, from a connection to justice—in other words, to some version of natural law.

Gerber does not venture deeply into such arguments, though some sense of the difficulties involved emerges from his analysis of Thomas's opinions. In civil-rights cases, Gerber classifies Thomas's stance as "liberal originalism" because it harks back to the liberal principles of the Framers without getting distracted by historical evidence of what the drafters of the post-Civil War amendments to the Constitution actually said or did on racial issues. So in *Adarand* v. *Peña*, a case that struck down a race-based "set-aside" program for government contractors, Thomas wrote separately to clarify his position:

> There can be no doubt that the paternalism that appears to lie at the heart of this [affirmative action] program is at war with the principle of inherent equality that underlies and infuses our Constitution. See Declaration of Independence ("We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal").

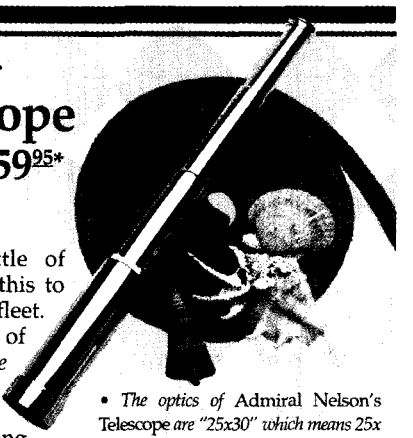
The moral confidence displayed in that crisp citation—"See Declaration"—says more than any lengthy disquisition ever could.

Gerber complains that, outside civil rights, Thomas often falls back on a "conservative originalism" that identifies the original meaning of the Constitution with particular policies of the eighteenth century rather than the broad principles behind them. So Gerber criticizes Thomas's opinion in *Rosenberger* v. *University of Virginia* for disregarding the broader logic of what it means to have a government separated from religion and justifying the funding of a student religious publication by a narrow parsing of historical evidence from particular statements of Madison and Jefferson. Similarly, Gerber commends Thomas's bold concurring opinion in *United States* v. *Lopez* that struck down the federal Gun-Free School Zone Act by arguing for a narrow construction of federal power to

A spyglass in the great naval tradition...

Adm. Nelson's Telescope (with table tripod) just $59.95*

***But read this ad for an even better deal!**



When Horatio Nelson fought the battle of Trafalgar, he used a telescope just like this to monitor the movements of the French-Spanish fleet. Our manufacturer has created a faithful replica of this famous scope. *Admiral Nelson's Telescope* measures about five inches in its "collapsed" position. When you extend the four sections to full length, the scope will be thirteen inches long and focused to infinity with needle sharpness. Everything will appear twenty-five times larger than it would to the naked eye. Compare that to standard binoculars which give you only 6x or 8x magnification.

The most amazing thing about *Admiral Nelson's Telescope* may well be its price. We are the exclusive importers of this outstanding optical instrument and are able therefore to bring it to you for just $59.95. **But we have an even better deal: *Buy two for $119.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely* FREE!** If you have ever wanted to own a fine telescope, but found prices a little steep, *Admiral Nelson's Telescope* should be your choice. You'll get many years of good use and enjoyment from it.

• *The optics of* Admiral Nelson's Telescope *are "25x30" which means 25x magnification and the great light-gathering capacity of a 30mm objective lens. Admiral Nelson's telescope was made of brass. This replica is heavily chrome-plated for extra beauty and protection. The scope comes with a belt-looped vinyl carrying case. For permanent mounting the scope comes with an extendable table-tripod.*

You may order by toll-free phone, by mail, or by fax and pay by check or Visa/MasterCard. Please give order number **#1069E542.** Add $4.95 standard shipping/insurance charge for one, $9.90 for three (plus sales tax for California delivery).. You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund postage. For customer service or wholesale information, please call (415) 643-2810.

since 1967 **haverhills®**
2360 Third St., San Francisco, CA 94107

Order by toll-free phone: (800) 797-7367 or by fax: (415) 643-2818

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regulate commerce. But Gerber criticizes Thomas's dissent in *Term Limits* v. *Thornton* (which would have allowed states to impose limits on reelection to Congress) for adumbrating an untenable, states' rights view of the federal system.

Thomas's arguments are much more powerful in each of these cases than Gerber acknowledges. But Gerber's criticism does point up one of the central difficulties in a jurisprudence of "first principles": the problem of identifying the relevant principles at the proper level of abstraction.

Thomas cannot be accused of trying to please some particular political constituency when he stakes out deeper or more ambitious doctrines than those embraced by Rehnquist or Scalia. Rather he has taken the time to immerse himself in obscure sources and on occasion produced extraordinarily intricate and detailed opinions. Only patient specialists working in technical law reviews could be expected to appreciate them, and, as Gerber concedes, there are so few conservatives in America's law schools that these opinions often receive no notice at all. But the fifty-year-old Thomas keeps digging into old books to enlarge his views—in a way that is rare for anyone of his age, let alone of his station. And at the same time, he has somehow acquired the inner confidence to hold to his own conclusions, undismayed by criticism or neglect, content to address himself to a better future.

It may be a generation before we can judge whether these views have coalesced into a constitutional vision of any influence. Gerber's study is surely not the definitive treatment of Thomas's jurisprudence, which still has years to develop. But Gerber does offer enough detail to remind an attentive reader of what a phenomenon Clarence Thomas is. The sheer intellectual power of Thomas's Supreme Court opinions would put to shame all those who vilified him—if they were capable of shame. ♦

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

The Punditry of Max Lerner

By Tevi Troy

SANFORD LAKOFF
Max Lerner
Pilgrim in the Promised Land
University of Chicago Press, 344 pp., $25

A pundit who switches sides late in life risks losing the affection of one group without ever entering the good graces of the other. And that, in a nutshell, was the fate of newspaper columnist Max Lerner: His evolution from liberalism to something close to conservatism made him a heretic among liberals, but it came too late to make him a hero among conservatives.

Lerner was—as Sanford Lakoff shows in his new biography, *Max Lerner: Pilgrim in the Promised Land*—a man of contradictions: a patriot who felt himself to be an outsider, an intellectual who wanted both the academic respectability of a professor and the broad audience of a pundit. His immense talents made him successful, but his conflicting desires never made it easy.

Born in Minsk, Russia, in 1902, Lerner came to America with his family in 1907 and spent most of his adolescence in New Haven, where he won a local scholarship to Yale. Majoring in literature, Lerner graduated in 1923, but by his own account he rarely interacted with Yale's non-Jewish undergraduates.

"He does not make a favorable impression at a first meeting," wrote Robert French, one of the professors who liked him best, in a letter of recommendation. "He is rather short and not in the least good-looking. He is a Jew, born in a family that has little means, and he came to college quite lacking in background."

After Yale, Lerner briefly tried law school, but he left to pursue a doctorate at the short-lived "Robert Brookings School of Economics and Government" at the Brookings Institution. The program, which trained graduates for government service, disbanded in 1929—largely because those who endured the struggle for a Ph.D. wanted to become tenured professors rather than well-trained bureaucrats.

Lerner too had little interest in government service. His first job after graduation was in New York, as managing editor of the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences*. He later taught at Sarah Lawrence, the Wellesley Summer Institute, and finally Harvard—which is where he was teaching in 1935 when Maurice Wertheim, publisher of the *Nation*, offered him the job of political editor. Lerner struggled with the offer until Harvard's president, James Bryant Conant, settled the question by sniffing that someone who would consider leaving Harvard should probably do so.

At the *Nation*, Lerner proved a committed New Dealer. He strongly supported the Supreme Court nomination of Hugo Black and endorsed Franklin Roosevelt's court-packing scheme. He also backed the Communists in the Spanish Civil War and was even reluctant to denounce the Moscow purge trials. Lerner later described this last questionable position as "condemning Stalin but not the Revolution itself—a dubious distinction since Stalin was the evil flowering of the totalitarian party." Sidney Hook rightly accused Lerner of wishing "to distinguish himself from Stalinism and yet to escape slanderous vituperation."

Wertheim, who opposed both Black and court-packing, felt that Lerner had betrayed the Left by supporting Roosevelt. When Wertheim sold the *Nation*

Tevi Troy is policy director for Senator John Ashcroft (R-MO).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in 1938, it was on the condition that Lerner leave the magazine. But Lerner managed to land on his feet, quickly securing a position at Williams College. The ease with which he moved among top-level academic jobs seems surprising, but Lerner always managed to find posts, later teaching at Notre Dame and, for the largest stretch of his career, at Brandeis. He also satisfied his need for a broad audience with his journalism, writing over eight thousand newspaper pieces in his career. From 1943 to 1948, Lerner wrote a column for the influential liberal paper *PM*. (Although his column was generally liberal, Lerner raised eyebrows by pointedly refusing to back Henry Wallace's leftist third-party candidacy for president in 1948.) In 1949, he began a four-decade run at the *New York Post*, edited by the liberal ex- and anti-Communist James Wechsler.

Along the way, Lerner wrote fourteen books—and still felt, at the end of his life, that he hadn't written enough. His best book is the 1957 *America as a Civilization*, a remarkable study in which he argued that American "dynamism" had created a culture that ranks among the world's great civilizations. This dynamism, which Lerner saw as unique, inspired Americans to make the most of the country's considerable natural advantages.

America as a Civilization, critical of the nation in many ways and yet generally positive about the American experiment, belongs squarely to the 1950s "consensus school" of liberal anti-communism typified by such academics as Richard Hofstadter and Louis Hartz. As the consensus school came under attack in the 1960s, however, Lerner's columns increasingly infuriated the Left. In 1965, for example, he championed Daniel Patrick Moynihan for mayor of New York—even though Moynihan was persona non grata among the left for his much-maligned report for the Johnson administration which claimed that the climbing rate of illegitimate births in the black community was leading to increased dependence on welfare and serious social disruption.

In Moynihan, Lerner saw a kindred spirit: a man of liberal origins who was willing to slaughter the sacred cows of an intolerant and doctrinaire Left. And as the 1960s progressed, the Left's stronger and stronger criticisms of America offended Lerner more and more. It was this intense love for the nation to which his immigrant parents had brought him that determined Lerner's ideological development over the rest of his life. By the 1980s, he had embraced much of Reaganism: condemning the bitter campaign against Supreme Court nominee Robert Bork, endorsing support for the contras, and denouncing prior concessions in negotiations with the Soviets.

Max Lerner in 1982

University of Chicago Press

In 1987, Lerner added a new conclusion to the thirtieth-anniversary edition of *America as a Civilization*. A survey of the previous three decades, it revealed a man who accepted almost nothing of his youthful liberalism. The new Lerner was sympathetic to the free market and—despite his support for (and participation in) the sexual revolution—critical of "a permissiveness so far-reaching that it struck the people at the base of the culture as narcissistic."

Lerner always resisted characterizing his late positions as conservative or even neoconservative, and in many ways he belonged to the same camp as Moynihan and Daniel Bell: frustrated with the Left but unable to accept the mantle of conservatism. Lakoff slights much of this ideological turmoil to focus instead on Lerner's tumultuous personal life: married in 1928, divorced in 1940, and remarried the following year, all the while carrying on numerous affairs, especially with attractive coeds.

Later in life, he befriended Hugh Hefner and attended parties at the Playboy mansion. One amusing tale Lerner enjoyed telling involved Art Buchwald's first visit to the mansion. Buchwald went down to the pool, which was covered in steam. He "hoped that when it would dissipate he would see this raving beauty coming toward him. And as the steam dissipated, whom did he see but Max Lerner."

Lerner also had a brief relation with Elizabeth Taylor, who affectionately called him "my little professor." According to Eddie Fisher's autobiography, while Lerner "fell in love with Elizabeth," the actress saw "the attention of a man like Lerner, a renowned intellectual, as proof that she had a brain." He considered proposing marriage, until she became involved with Richard Burton while filming *Cleopatra*.

Lakoff explores Lerner's affairs because of his belief that Lerner wanted an honest biography, detailing flaws along with accomplishments. But Lakoff's focus on Lerner's affairs proves misguided—characteristic of our contemporary obsession with the personalities of thinkers instead of their ideas.

Despite his accomplishments and insights, Max Lerner remains mired in relative obscurity today—largely because his move from left to right left him an ideological orphan. But the move stemmed from his patriotism and his rejection of liberalism's ideological orthodoxy, two core traits that made him the force that he was in American intellectual life. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I See by Your Outfit"

Exposed Navels and Other Reasons for the Decline of Country Music

By Andrew Peyton Thomas

The Smithsonian should give Dale Watson a fellowship, if only to make up for the money and stardom that have eluded him. The iconoclastic thirty-six-year-old from Austin, Texas, has emerged as a leader of the traditionalist backlash against today's country music. But rebellion in defense of tradition is an eccentric enterprise, and, despite the acclaim of critics, country music moguls find Watson "too hillbilly" for the big contracts.

One might think that calling a country musician "too hillbilly" is like calling Tchaikovsky "too classical." But Watson's lonesome peregrination from beer joint to beer joint is symbolic of the wilderness to which nearly all traditionalists have been exiled in the 1990s. Interviewed recently for *Naked Nashville* (a British documentary that aired in America last October), Watson put his finger on the crisis of country music: "Strangely enough, I'm considered alternative country nowadays because country-music mainstream isn't anywhere close to country. It's pop."

Over the last decade, that mainstream has exploded in popularity. Between 1990 and 1997, country music grew from $700 million a year to $1.8 billion a year. CD sales have quadrupled. Two of the five best-selling albums of 1998 were by country artists (Garth Brooks and Shania Twain), as were three of the ten highest-grossing concert tours (Brooks, Twain, and George Strait). Brooks's new album, *Double Live*, set a record by selling more than a million copies the first week after its release in 1998. One of the hottest acts to pick up Grammies last week was the Dixie Chicks, a young trio of scantily dressed country musicians with significant pop success.

Andrew Peyton Thomas is an attorney in Phoenix, Arizona.

In exchange for this popularity and prosperity, country music has been asked merely to surrender its soul. And it has. Except for an occasional, mournful chord from a fiddle or a steel guitar, added like an afterthought, this new music is a southern version of pop-rock—adult contemporary with a drawl. The dominant cacophony of electric guitars and percussion, the signature instruments of rock 'n' roll, make today's acts sound more like Lynyrd Skynyrd than Lefty Frizzell. On Country Music Television—a sort of newfangled Grand Ole Opry and the industry's answer to MTV—the performers appearing on country videos form a bizarre parade of ersatz cowpokes. The men are either permed dandies in brand-new cowboy hats or scruffy, long-haired, garage-band types; the women sport the scant clothing of MTV and a strained, pseudo-feminist attitude.

It is oddly appropriate that *Naked Nashville* showed Dale Watson being honored at the *British* Country Music Awards—a ceremony that sounds like something Monty Python might have dreamed up. But in fact, country music owes a great deal to Britain, or at least to British folk songs. Some country songs—"The Great Speckled Bird" is one—can be traced back to English colonists before the American Revolution. Others, such as "Sallie Gooden," come from the Scotch-Irish immigrants of the nineteenth century. "Frankie and Johnny" has more than a hundred variants, all deriving from a Scottish ballad.

Even more than British folk songs, however, country music derives from lower-class gospel music—the hymns of the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Methodist and Baptist revivals. The camp-meeting songs of the Second Great Awakening molded the nascent music of the South. Leaders of the camp meetings would "line the hymn," reading aloud verses to the congregation, who would then sing them back. Those hymns stamped on country music a simple structure and revivalist view of human responsibility that endure to this day.

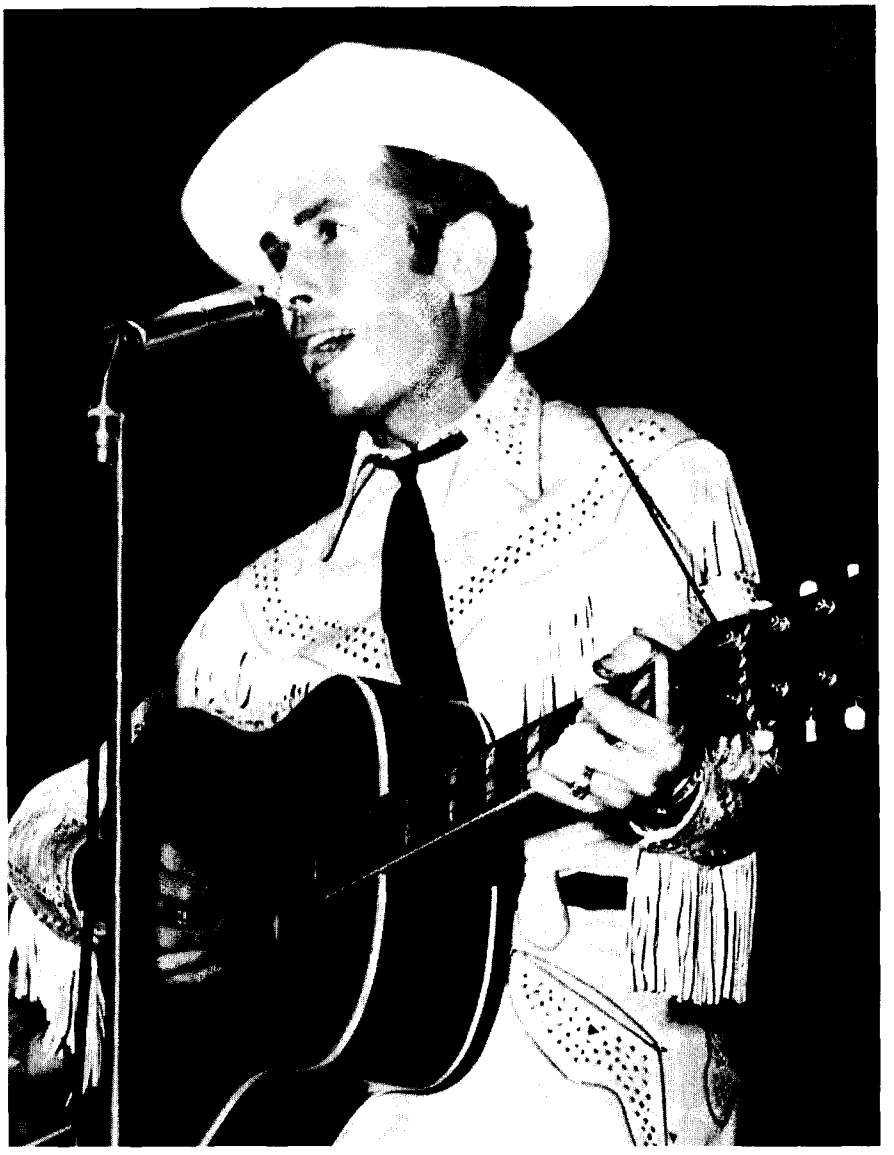
Of course, in time, those same southern roots would bring country music into contact with a formidable rival, the blues. The blues' influence on country music was evident even before the birth of recording. Early in their careers, many of the first country stars performed in minstrel shows, paying a backhanded compliment to the popularity of black music at the turn of the century.

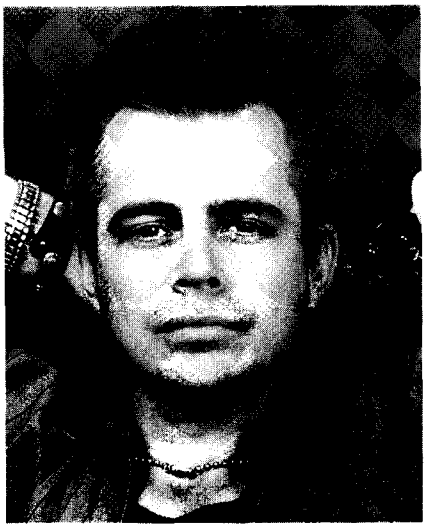
At that time, the fiddle (a traditional Celtic instrument) and the guitar (an upper-class instrument in eighteenth-century England and America) produced country's standard harmonies. It was, however, in the 1920s and 1930s that the music found its most distinctive modern sound by adding to this the steel guitar (like the ukulele, an import from Hawaii). Its familiar, doleful twang—the perfect complement for lugubrious lyrics—made the steel guitar what historian Bill C. Malone has called "virtually the defining feature of country music."

Much of this history is traced by a marvelous record set selected and annotated by Malone, *The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Country Music*; it's there you can hear the developing instrumental innovation that—when it joined with the blues—finally defeated traditional country. Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys began by introducing drums—along with horns and reeds in a jazz fusion inspired by the big-band craze of the 1930s and 1940s. And in 1941, country giant Ernest Tubb fatefully popularized the *electric* steel guitar, using the leviathan instrument so his music could be heard from jukeboxes above the rowdy din of the new honky-tonks.

The blues, the electric guitar, and drums came together in rock 'n' roll, the new musical genre that would prove country's undoing. Southern musicians who came of age in the 1950s grew up hearing both country and the blues. The advent of the electric guitar allowed them to move freely between the two.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Above: Hank Williams in 1951. Right: Dale Watson in 1999.

Bill Haley started out with a band called the Saddle Pals, which he turned into the Comets to record "Rock Around the Clock," the first big rock-'n'-roll hit. Jerry Lee Lewis and Buddy Holly commenced their careers as country singers (though, in a reverse twist, 1970s country superstar Waylon Jennings started out as one of Buddy Holly's rock-'n'-roll sidemen). The most famous country singer to cross over to rock was, of course, Elvis Presley. His first single featured the blues tune "That's All Right, Mama," with a snappy version of "Blue Moon of Kentucky," a country waltz, on the flip side. Before he was the King of Rock 'n' Roll, Elvis was known as "The Hillbilly Cat."

As rock 'n' roll earned the allegiance of adolescent Baby Boomers, country singers recognized the greater profits to be gained by making concessions to the new music. The pop-country sound that such "crossover" artists invented emphasized electric guitars and drums in hard-driving melodies previously foreign to country. The three-beat meter common in country waltzes gave way to the four-beat standard in blues and rock. Country singers of the time, many of whom are regarded today as dyed-in-the-wool traditionalists, ardently embraced these changes. Marty Robbins recorded versions of "That's All Right, Mama" and "Long Tall Sally," and Johnny Cash's "Ring of Fire" combined trumpets with an unmistakable rock beat. Even George Jones, venerated today as perhaps the quintessential country traditionalist, recorded a song entitled "Rock It." If the Beatles could perform a version of Buck Owens's "Act Naturally," it was partly because Ringo had a soft spot for country tunes, but mostly because Buck Owens had already moved toward rock 'n' roll.

Garth Brooks is the most popular singer of the 1990s, in any genre, and to listen to one of his albums is to lose any doubt about just how thoroughly rock has routed country. Brooks admits that such heavy-metal bands as Kiss helped forge his style. His 1997 album, *Sevens*, relies on a rock beat that ranges from strong to overwhelming. Perhaps unintentionally, the album is also a sprawling tribute to practically every major mode of country music popularized—and subsequently adulterated—in the twentieth century. The songs range from honky-tonk ("Longneck Bottle") to pop-rock romance ("You Move Me") to mildly bawdy ("Cowboy Cadillac") to gospel ("Fit for a King") to tragic ballad ("Belleau Wood").

The female country singers of the 1990s, as a group, have had even greater success. In 1998, LeAnn Rimes's "How Do I Live" spent more weeks in the pop Top 40 than any single in history. Shania Twain has become one of the most successful pop acts in the world. Her husband-producer, Robert "Mutt" Lange, produced albums for heavy-metal bands

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lefty Frizzell, Ernest Tubb, and Tammy Wynette.

AC/DC and Def Leppard, and her music relies on a strong rock beat. Twain recently accentuated her international status, announcing that she and Lange have purchased a home in Switzerland—not exactly within driving distance of Nashville and the Grand Ole Opry.

Country lyrics have also evolved. Songs with raunchy words were long performed in saloons, around campfires, and at the fringes of the recording industry. A typical example is Jimmie Rodgers's 1929 "Everybody Does It in Hawaii." Still, not until the 1970s did major performers begin warbling these lyrics indiscriminately for the public, when such successful songs appeared as Conway Twitty's "You've Never Been This Far Before" and the Bellamy Brothers' "If I Said You Had a Beautiful Body (Would You Hold It Against Me?)."

It was during the 1970s as well that an awareness of drugs more typical of rock 'n' roll began to appear. In 1970, the Country Music Association selected as Song of the Year Johnny Cash's "Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down." Written by Kris Kristofferson, the song is a strangely moving ode about recovering from a drug hangover. At the margins of country, the Flying Burrito Brothers—a folk-rock fusion band founded by Gram Parsons, formerly of the Byrds—wore sequined suits emblazoned with marijuana leaves.

In the 1990s, female country stars have cast off another of the industry's old-fashioned inhibitions—and made yet another compromise with rock—by wearing increasingly less clothing. Shania Twain made news by exposing her navel in the mid-1990s (a milestone at which the jaded fans of rock will surely smile). Mindy McCready one-upped Twain by piercing hers. The hottest new female country group, the Dixie Chicks, are three highly talented female musicians whose scarce attire has earned them otherwise misplaced comparisons to the Spice Girls. In January 1999, viewers of a talk show on the Nashville Network witnessed the spectacle of Loretta Lynn—apparently in response to these trends—garbed in an elegant dress with a see-through midriff.

The marketplace has spoken, and it is clear that country music—at least the gentler, unpretentious, authentic version—lacks appeal in our frenetic, sex-obsessed culture. Yet traditional country music at least merits a eulogy. Country has bequeathed to us songs that affirm and celebrate rural life, genuine romance, wholesome pleasures, and unaffected patriotism.

From its infancy, country was a sonorous defender of custom and national pride. By contrast, rock 'n' roll matured during a raucous decade of mass protests against tradition, authority, and patriotic duty. The few vaguely nationalistic songs rock 'n' roll has spawned (Bruce Springsteen's "Born in the U.S.A.," John Mellencamp's "Pink Houses") are deeply ambivalent about the worth of the nation. There is no such discomfort in country music. A sampling of famous country songs in defense of beleaguered traditions include "Why Do You Bob Your Hair, Girls?" by Blind Alfred Reed (a criticism of the fashion trends of the 1920s), Uncle Dave Macon's "The Bible's True" (against evolution), and Ernest Tubb's "Love It or Leave It," written during the Vietnam War. During the Reagan-Bush years, "God Bless the U.S.A." by Lee Greenwood became the unofficial theme song of GOP national conventions.

Among country singers, Merle Haggard and Hank Williams Jr. have been the most bellicose and prolific defenders of rural folkways and national traditions. Haggard's "Okie from Muskogee" may have been written as something of a self-parody, but the public cherished it, Richard Nixon proclaimed it one of his favorite songs, and Haggard followed it up with the seriously intended "The Fightin' Side of Me." Such Haggard songs as "I Take a Lot of Pride in What I Am" and "The Roots of My Raising" praise the often disparaged contributions of country folk. "Mama

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All photos: The Smithsonian Institution, except Dale Watson: Buddy Lee Attractions

Johnny Cash, Merle Haggard, and Willie Nelson.

Tried" is a classic declaration of personal responsibility.

Known to many Americans as the bearded singer who introduces Monday Night Football, Hank Williams Jr. has written songs even more assertive. In "Mr. Lincoln," Williams tells the former president of the woes that have befallen modern America, including the fact that "now they sue the manufacturers of the guns." He crooned the ultimate tough-on-crime song, "A Country Boy Can Survive," as well as a hilarious rebuke to various liberal interest groups entitled "The Coalition To Ban Coalitions."

Country music similarly exalts religion without embarrassment. Among rock performers, only blacks acknowledge their Maker with the same regularity and reverence. One of the first hit records of country music was the gospel song "Peace in the Valley," written by the accomplished black songwriter Thomas Dorsey. Virtually all of the most famous country performers either were children of preachers or had learned to sing in church. Even some of the worst drunks, profligates, and ex-cons in the bunch piously sing gospel songs on their albums. Except for "Your Cheatin' Heart," Hank Williams's most famous track is "I Saw the Light." Arguably Haggard's best work is his gospel album, *The Land of Many Churches*, partly recorded in the garden chapel at San Quentin prison, where Haggard once served time.

The "alternative country" of Dale Watson and his fellow counterrevolutionaries—the Old 97's, Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Wilco, Tarnation, and BR5-49—may yet restore to country some of its erstwhile character. A small but growing number of radio stations feature traditional country. Perhaps in reaction to the dull uniformity of Nashville's "hat acts," overall sales of country music have declined slightly over the last couple of years. As the program director of an Atlanta radio station complained recently, "We got to the point where no one stood out from the crowd."

Of course, such a resurrection of country music would not be necessary, and would not face such long odds, if country had not proved so susceptible to conquest and assimilation by other modes of music. That susceptibility certainly owes something to the lure of money. But it may owe even more to the fact that country music was, after all, *country*—and southern, to boot.

Much has been written about the inferiority complex of southerners. In his history, *Country Music U.S.A.*, Malone notes wryly, "Many country entertainers, such as Waylon Jennings, Loretta Lynn, and Tammy Wynette, still privately describe themselves as hillbillies, but respond bitterly if someone else calls them that."

This common feeling was crystallized in 1991 when Merle Haggard's lifetime achievement was recognized at the American Music Awards. Shoehorned between various rock performers and forced to accept his award amid teenage cheers for MC Hammer and Vanilla Ice, Haggard struggled with obvious discomfort. "Sometimes," he said with a pained smile at the outset of his speech, "it's hard to be an ol' country boy."

Too hard, in fact. At that moment, even a man as wealthy and famous as Haggard betrayed the same longing for acceptance and respect that has propelled so many country singers to sell out. These singers crave crossover success for the same reason so many southerners take speech classes to change their accents: They want to lose the sense of inferiority they've had since Appomattox. They want to fit in.

That leaves rebels like Dale Watson struggling self-consciously to recreate the traditional forms of country music. But if they fail and the music fades, we will regret jettisoning this melodious medium for conversing with our ancestors. Rockified 1990s singers like Garth Brooks and Shania Twain have abandoned more than just old-fashioned musical forms. Traditional country music was also about the old-fashioned virtues that today's popular music mocks so profitably. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Parody

"Nothing Compared to What You Read About in the Bible," Say Senators

NO HARM, NO FOUL, From A1

that an eye for the ladies," the Rev. Jackson continued, "runs from the Tigris and Euphrates to the Partridge Family and the Bradys."

Sen. Specter agreed the allegation, if true, does not rise to a "Biblical" level. He noted that, in 11th-century Manx jurisprudence, jurors often reached a verdict of violated-and-intimidated-into-silence-but-probably-was-asking-for-it-anyway, which allowed Manx society to protect the integrity of its governmental institutions, largely pillaging parties.

Charles Ruff, the nation's pre-eminent constitutional scholar, agreed. "If you look," he told a Senate committee, "at the Rules of Ye Country Squire, translated from the Turkish by the Marquis de Sade and readily available to our Founding Fathers, there's a list of Fifty Don'ts for the Supreme Pasha. Number one is dismembering your parents. Number two is drowning all the women and children in a village. Where's an itty-bitty rape? Way down the list just ahead of varletry, sesquipedalia, public booger-picking, and a really nasty noogie to the back of the neck."

Sen. Lieberman, who has been "wrestling with the issue for weeks," concludes, "There's only one word for rape, and that's unconscionable, vile, and disgusting. Were I an irascible man, I might write an op-ed for the *Hartford*

See UNACCEPTABLE, *A12, Col. 2*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

www.frontpagemag.com www.frontpagemag.com www.frontpagemag.com www.frontpagemag.com

Who is Left?

The absence of a left on the radar screen of American politics is one of the wonders of the age. What happened to all those activists who went to war against the System in the 1960s, and who took to the streets to promote the West's defeat in the Cold War? How is it that our universities boast more socialists and kitsch marxists than the former satellites of the now defunct Soviet bloc? Who organizes the party line that promotes the rhetoric of class, race and gender warfare in national political debates?

We think the list below is the beginning of an answer. Everybody agrees there is a Right in American politics, and everybody thinks they can name the players. We think it is time to take a balanced view of the political process and identify the political left.

Who are the left? Socialists, "progressives," gender feminists, critical race theorists, "critical" theorists of all stripes, opponents of welfare reform, proponents of an expanding welfare state, members of the coalition to lynch Clarence Thomas and also to save Bill Clinton, tax-the-rich ideologues, Christian-haters and PLO-supporters, reflexive bashers of white Americans and America-haters in general.

And: anyone who uses the term "oppression" to describe any set of social relations in America today. And: any knee-jerk name-caller who responds to this list by invoking the specter of Joseph McCarthy, which is the left's favorite tactic for closing debate on its political agendas.

NATIONAL FIGURES: Hillary Rodham Clinton, Jesse Jackson, Marion Wright Eddman, Sydney Blumenthal, John Sweeney, Julian Bond

SENATORS: Paul Wellstone, Ted Kennedy, Barbara Boxer, Christopher Dodd, Pat Leahy, Dianne Feinstein, Tom Harkin, Robert Torricelli

MEMBERS OF THE CONGRESSIONAL "PROGRESSIVE CAUCUS": Rep. Earl Hilliard, Del Eni Faleomavaega, Rep. Ed Pastor, Rep. Lynn C Woolsey, Rep. George Miller, Rep. Nancy Pelosi, Rep. Fortney "Pete" Stark, Rep. Henry A. Waxman, Rep. Xavier Becerra, Rep. Julian C. Dixon, Rep. Esteban Edward Torres, Rep. Maxine Waters, Rep. George E. Brown, Rep. Bob Filner, Rep. Diane DeGette, Del Eleanor Holmes Norton, Rep. Corrine Brown, Rep. Carrie P. Meek, Rep. Alcee L. Hastings, Rep. Cynthia A. McKinney, Rep. John Lewis, Rep. Neil Abercrombie, Rep. Patsy Mink, Rep. Jesse Jackson, Rep. Luis Gutierrez, Rep. Danny Davis, Rep. Lane Evans, Rep. Julia Carson, Rep. John Olver, Rep. Jim McGovern, Rep. Barney Frank, Rep. John Tierney, Rep. David Bonior, Rep. Lynn N. Rivers, Rep. John Conyers, Rep. Bennie G. Thompson, Rep. Melvin L. Watt, Rep. Donald Payne Rep. Jerrold Nadler, Rep. Major Owens, Rep. Nydia M. Velazquez, Rep. Charles Rangel, Rep. Maurice Hinchey, Rep. John LaFalce, Rep. Marcy Kaptur, Rep. Dennis Kucinich, Rep. Louis Stokes, Rep. Sherrod Brown, Rep. Elizabeth Furse, Rep. Peter A. DeFazio, Rep. Chaka Fattah, Rep. William Coyne, Del Carlos A. Romero-Barcelo, Rep. Robert C. Scott, Rep. Bernard Sanders, Rep. James A McDermott

ORGANIZATIONS: Earth First!, National Lawyers Guild, American Civil Liberties Union, Children's Defense Fund, NAACP, NEA, People for the American Way, National Organization for Women, Democratic Socialists of America

INSTITUTIONS: MALDEF, MacArthur Foundation, Ford Foundation, Asner Family Foundation, Emily's List, Feminist Majority Foundation, Institute for Policy Studies

IDEOLOGUES: Noam Chomsky, Betty Friedan, Catharine MacKinnon, Derrick Bell, Angela Davis, bell hooks, Cornel West, Howard Zinn

ACADEMIC BASES: Women's Studies Programs, English Departments, Black Studies Departments, Critical Legal Theories, Cultural Studies, Modern Language Association, American Association of University Professors

CAUSES: Free Mumia!, Free Geronimo Pratt!, Defend Race Preferences, End the "Prison Industrial Complex", Comparable Worth, A Living Wage

MAGAZINES: *Z Magazine, The Nation, Covert Action, Village Voice, Harpers, Social Text, Transition, In These Times, New York Review of Books, Dissent, Science and Society, Signs, American Historical Review, Monthly Review, Los Angeles Times Book Review, Kirkus Reviews*

www.frontpagemag.com

(a magazine of the web, updated daily, edited by David Horowitz & Chris Weinkopf)

Published by the Center for the Study of Popular Culture at P.O. Box 67398, Los Angeles, CA 90067 1-800-752-6562

This Ad Was Paid for by the Center for the Study of Popular Culture and *FrontPage* Magazine (www.frontpagemag.com)
If you wish to support this campaign, please send contributions to P.O. Box 67398, Los Angeles, CA 90067

www.frontpagemag.com www.frontpagemag.com www.frontpagemag.com www.frontpagemag.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Knows Best?

Some members of Congress persist in advocating a "Washington Knows Best" federal mandate when it comes to electricity rate restructuring. These members of Congress still don't trust the States to do what they are already doing so well—bringing competition and choice to consumers.

The ever shifting proposal to nationalize America's electricity rates is still very troubling news for low cost states, where a nationalized marketplace can only mean higher electricity bills!

And the latest patch-quilt proposal to nationalize America's electricity rates remains highly punitive for states that are still deliberating over the design of their state-based reforms. Many states that are debating deregulation would be forced to meet a capricious federal timeline or live forever under a heavy-handed federal regulatory regime.

We're Electric USA and we speak for many of the six million Americans who are shareholders in America's investor owned utilities. We are proud to count labor unions and 142 rural electric co-ops among our ranks.

We say "no" to *any* "Washington Knows Best" scheme to nationalize America's electricity rates!

EUSA
Electric Utility Shareholders Alliance
P.O. Box 104595
Jefferson City, MO 65110-4595

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED